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MIDNIGHT SHOTS BAFFLE LOCAL POLICE

26th Year — No. 35
Friday, August 30, 1940
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Carmel-By-The-Sea - - - - - - - California
(Carmel, California, P. O.)
For the People of the Monterey Peninsula and Their Friends Throughout the World
Year, $2.00 — Copy, 5c

The Carmel Pine Cone

Oliver Bassett Shows Improvement

All week long people have stopped us on the street and asked us, "Have you any news of Oliver Bassett?" People whom we know well and people whom we didn't recognize at all asked this question with an earnestness that made it clear that it meant something to them.

And we are glad to say that Oliver is improving. He isn't out of danger yet; he has a long way to go. But yesterday he was able to take soft food. He has recognized his father and mother. He has spoken. He is making headway.

From the feeling of tragedy that
(Continued on page 16)

Missing Sheets of Mrs. Sheets at Laundry

Mrs. Anna Lucile Sheets of Ocean avenue and Camino Real sent a hurried call to police headquarters the other day, announcing that six of her sheets, a number of pillow slips, bedspreads and pads had been stolen. Officer Hay, responding to a radio call, hastened to investigate the theft.

His report was filed with Chief Fraties and a general alarm for the missing sheets sent out.

Nothing happened until 10 o'clock the next morning, when
(Continued on page 16)

Sunset School Opens Tuesday

Well — here's another school year.

Sunset school will open next Tuesday, at 9 o'clock. Sept. 3 is the date.

This year's opening is something of an adventure for the school staff, for they don't know what sort of enrollment they may run up against.

Already about 35 army children
(Continued on page 16)

Cop Radios Upstairs for Help

"Calling headquarters," droned the police radio on Chief Roy Fraties' desk last Tuesday afternoon. "Calling headquarters,—this is Officer Overhulse. There's an auto accident in front of police head-
(Continued on page 13)

High School Opening Postponed To Sept. 10

It seems that the new high school isn't going to open next Tuesday, after all. The building is there, and the teachers could be, but some of the furniture—the somewhat important item of student desks, to be exact—hasn't been delivered. News has been received that they'll arrive on next Thursday, and in order to save them from getting a tardy mark the opening has been put off till Tuesday, Sept. 10.

This will not mean, however, that the school year must be either cut or lengthened. For there's enough leeway inside the year to allow for the extra few days, Superintendent O. W. Bardarson explained on Wednesday.

At a board meeting on Tuesday the question of transportation up the hill, carried over from the previous meeting, was considered. Joe Olviera—which is the family name of Joe's Taxi—expressed interest in providing such transportation at a charge of five cents per student; the fare to be paid by the students themselves.

The board sanctioned his proposal when Joe had given evidence that he was properly insured and had proper equipment and drivers. This transportation venture will be a purely private enterprise, and Joe is assuming full responsibility for it. The school board has not at present sufficient funds to make possible its operation as part of the school program.

At the five cent rate Joe will not attempt to conduct a pickup service all over town, but will designate two loading points, one at Sunset school and one somewhere near Devendorf Plaza, probably on Ocean avenue.

Believing that it was inadvisable
(Continued on page 2)

Construction Work Rushed at Fort Ord

Today, they're calling Fort Ord "that madhouse," with added remarks, which, summed up, amount to "but wait until next Monday!"

Traffic this week between Monterey and the army reservation, which is one of the busiest places in California, was just a long line of cars crawling along at snail-like pace, as the dirt really began to fly. On the preliminary work now in progress only 200 men have been employed. This number will be increased to more than 1000 before operations get into full swing, as the camp contractors have only 90 days in which to complete the $2,731,000 cantonment.

Even before carpenters had completed hanging doors, the construction office staff began to move into the buildings armed with typewriters and other office equipment.

Crews of WPA workers have already begun construction work on widening the highway between Monterey and the Fort, and both the Army and civilian construction authorities have announced that there will be no hiring on the job. This will all be done, it was announced, through the Monterey carpenters' hall, Prescott and Hawthorne streets, New Monterey.

"Can't Arrest Me" Insisted Woman BUT, Cop Did

"You can't arrest me! You're only a junior cop. Why—in Santa Cruz—"

"But madame, this is Carmel-by-the-Sea!" interrupted the police officer. "Maybe you can park your automobile on the sidewalk right in front of the city hall at Santa Cruz, BUT, you can't park an auto on the sidewalk any place around here, especially right at Ocean and
(Continued on page 16)

Bud Brownell Brings Home Another Trophy

Bud Brownell went over to Los Gatos last week-end.

You see, Bud heard that there was a golf championship running loose around there, and he collects those things.

So he took his clubs along and hit a few balls—135 strokes in 36 holes, to be exact—and when he'd finished he was surprised to discover that there was no one else
(Continued on page 16)

Mystery Carmel Shooting

Midnight Wednesday:

The loud report of a shot echoing through the stillness of Carmel!

Flashing headlights on a private automobile rushing through the overhanging fog on the winding road leading toward Salinas!

Drawn curtains and window shades in the private residence of a friendly physician near Salinas, where, in the glare of electric lights he probed for a bullet!

Yesterday morning:

Silence in Carmel. Only a whisper here—a low word there! Several Carmelites had already heard of the shooting. Some whispered the name of a man. Others whispered the words "family row!"

Yesterday noon:

Mysterious telephone message arrives over the police telephone at Carmel's headquarters. Radio calls flash out over the air!

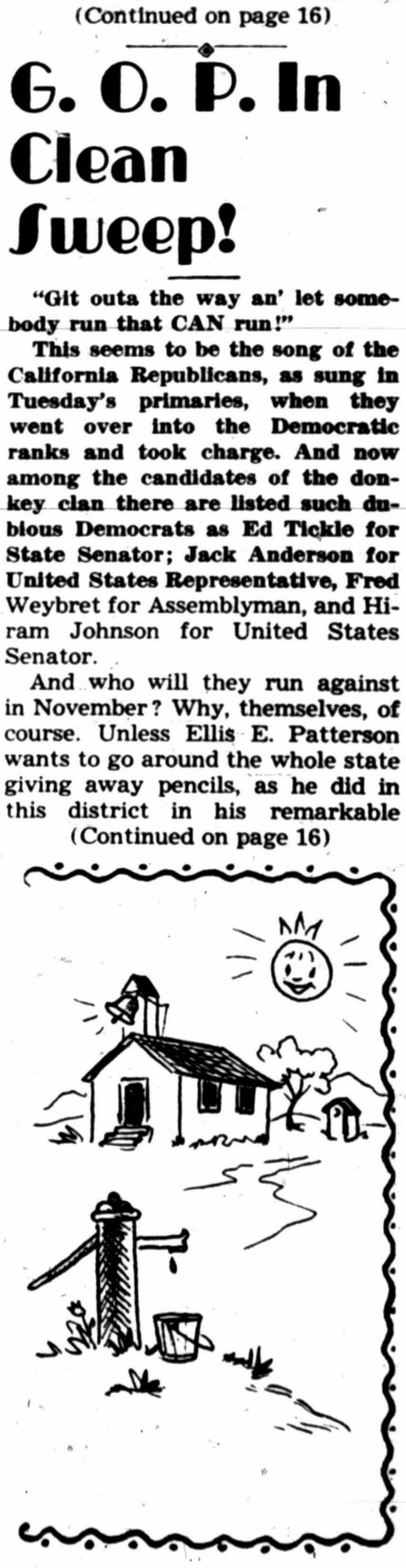
There was a shot! It was ten
(Continued on page 16)

G. O. P. In Clean Sweep!

"Git outa the way an' let somebody run that CAN run!"

This seems to be the song of the California Republicans, as sung in Tuesday's primaries, when they went over into the Democratic ranks and took charge. And now among the candidates of the donkey clan there are listed such dubious Democrats as Ed Tickle for State Senator; Jack Anderson for United States Representative, Fred Weybret for Assemblyman, and Hiram Johnson for United States Senator.

And who will they run against in November? Why, themselves, of course. Unless Ellis E. Patterson wants to go around the whole state giving away pencils, as he did in this district in his remarkable
(Continued on page 16)



So Help Me! I Never Saw Anything Like It Before!

I'll tell you what I can about the children's play last Sunday afternoon, if you can take it.

To begin at the beginning (which is my habit) I got there on time (which is not my habit) and sat and sat, while the large audience remarked what a lovely day! . . . is your child in the play? . . . isn't this an improvement on the old Forest Theater? . . . and smiled and nodded and said, hello there! . . . Hi! . . . and I regarded my finger-nails and figured I could have done a much better job with the polish if I had remembered that plays at the Forest Theater are always late in starting. Then John Burr emerged from the left wing (no, it was the right) and smiled and bowed his way to the prompter's box, vaulted lightly in, and the curtains were drawn.

The setting was good, except for
(Continued on Page 14)

We Shall Have Music

By JOHN BURR

It is not often that my naturally inclined phlegmatic disposition is aroused to anything resembling the white heat of resentment that I feel at the present time—brought on by the recurrence of an old but persistent disaffection for stupidity—and although the incident over which my ire has been aroused does not directly affect me I cannot restrain an inclination to expose the condition at its source.

I am repeatedly having it borne in upon me that artists in general and musicians in particular are universally apathetic about such important things as their own immediate welfare but only in recent years have I discovered that just as universally it is their own fault.

It comes to my attention now that local artists and musicians are no better fitted to meet the encroachments of commercial vandalism than those found in any other ideal American community. And I say with almost despairing emphasis,—"Artists—you are your own worst enemies!"

Let me cite just one of a host of instances which any of us could duplicate, ad infiitum, yes, ad nauseum. (Although the instance is factual, names will not be used for obvious reasons).

A young and talented artist is asked to give a program for one of the local musical organizations. The organization in question is non-profit but taxable on a per capita basis which gives them a modest but comprehensive sum to spend for talent they decide upon. The young artist, knowing this, is modestly mute about requesting remuneration but legitimately anticipated some fee for his service. After all, he's spent considerable time getting ready for such appearances. Even music is an item of expense. To his amazement, after waiting in vain for the organization to broach the subject, he finally and timidly brings up the matter himself and is naively informed that he is performing on a gratis basis. With an almost patronizing air he is led to his auto da-fe by the following hokum—which is the business man's expression for skullduggery. "We can't pay you anything but (and here comes the sinker) think of the wonderful advertising and the prestige you will receive when it is known that you have been chosen to appear as one of our season artists.

To which argument I humbly venture the non-aesthetic but highly relevant question. Have you ever tried to pay your bills on the basis of prestige—have you ever heard of advertising allaying hunger pains?

It is right at this point that the artist fails to perform as befits his station and dignity. Professional etiquette is quite well defined and although it takes backbone sometimes to stick to it, the results might prove illuminating. I have no doubt that on the first few occasions you would be heartily disliked by some of your less principled fellow artists, but I am also equally confident that should there be an epidemic of such independent action the musicians and artists might reasonably expect to be treated with considerable more respect than is their fortune under present standards.

NELLIE LOCKWOOD WINS CONTEST IN JULY 26 PINE CONE

Running through many of the advertisements in The Pine Cone of Friday, July 26, were quotations from various plays of Shakespeare—all set in italics. And it was announced that all those who could tell us correctly the play from which each was taken would receive a year's subscription to The Pine Cone, either for themselves or a friend.

(Mrs. E. H.) Nellie R. Lockwood, 410 Prospect avenue, Pasadena, was the only one who answered as many as nine quotations correctly, and will therefore receive the free subscription—with our congratulations.

Life's richest dividends consist not of money, but of happiness and contentment.

MARIONETTE
THEATRE
ON OCEAN AVENUE
TWO SHOWS DAILY!
EVENINGS 8:30
Seventh Laugh Week!
"Mount Olympus Follies"
Matinee 2:30
Especially for Children
DON BLANDING'S
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SCHOOL SUPPLIES
School Binders: Zipper-leather ..... $1.75 up
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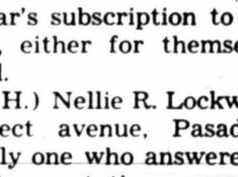

Rentals, Repairs, Service for all standard types of typewriters and office equipment machines.
Wurzmann Typewriter Exchange
Monterey Phone 8567
OFFICE EQUIPMENT and OFFICE SUPPLIES

High School Opening Put Off Till Sept. 10

(Continued from page 1)

for the board to undertake the responsibility of handling the cafeteria service at this time, the trustees decided to permit the Carmel Dairy to take it over as a concession, if satisfactory arrangements can be worked out. Such arrangements are now being negotiated between the board and Earl Graft.

The terms of office of the trustees were decided upon at this meeting. Capt. Shelburn Robison, chairman of the board, is to serve for four years, Harold Nielsen and Peter Ferrante for three.

Dediciation services for the new high school will be held, not at the high school itself, but in the Sunset school auditorium ,at 8 o'clock on Monday evening, Sept. 9. And after the speeches, which will be kept short, there will be a pilgrimage to the new building, where the teachers will be on hand to show the people what they've got for their money. Transportation will be provided for those needing it.

Speakers at the dedication program, at which Superintendent Otto W. Bardarson will preside, have been tentatively selected, though because of the change in date some substitutions may have to be made. They include Capt. Shelburn Robison, president of the board; James Force, county superintendent of schools; Dr. Charles Bursh, chief of the division of schoolhouse planning; Ernest Kump, one of the school architects, and Dr. Walter Dexter, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, who will give the principal address.

After the opening of school the administrative offices will be in the high school building. The telephone number will be 1343—and if you have children going to school this year you might do well to jot down that number somewhere where it will be handy.

Arrangements have been made with the Mission Ranch Club for use of its recreational facilities—swimming pool, tennis courts and badminton court—by the students. Provision of such facilities at the school itself awaits the passage of time and the generosity of the citizens.

At Tuesday's meeting the board decided to continue for an additional month the employment of James Reinohl, clerk of the works (which means inspector of the building activity). It listened to a summary of insurance coverage by Peter Mawdsley, and decided to make inquiry relative to the purchase of a flagpole.

The city is building a path up Ocean avenue for those pupils who prefer a nickel to a ride. And the county will extend it on from the edge of Hatton Fields. Up this path and in Joe's taxi and in their own parents' cars about 230 students are expected to make their way daily to sit at the desks that haven't quite arrived yet.

Those desks are to be "blonde pecan" in tone, to harmonize with the color scheme of the rooms. That's why they're late. It seems that with desks as with women, the blonde variety takes time to turn out in any great quantites, but when you finally get them you've really got an artistic job. Carmel couldn't put up with less.

SCHOOL NOTES

In addition to names already announced, the following have been added to the local school staff:

Miss Lucille Burtis will be art teacher at the high school and will supervise the art work in the elementary grades.

Robert C. Doerr will teach one of the eighth grade classes.

Mrs. Carisse Poulain will serve as substitute teacher, teaching the sixth grade at Sunset school during the first semester of the coming year.

Pick Up Your Knife and Fork

"What about an old recipe this time?" asked Damo. "Something you couldn't beg, buy, borrow or steal?"

"Fine!" we said. "That's what we want. Something really old and genuine from Yugo-Slavia."

"But this is an old California recipe!" said Damo. "And it just fits the bill. Listen!"

SPANISH TONGUE

It's beef tongue, of course.
2 doz. dry red chili peppers
2 lemons
½ cup of olive oil
jar of green olives
2 tabsp. chopped green onion
salt to taste
1 tabsp. Oregano sauce (obtainable everywhere).

You manipulate the tongue in the usual way—boil in salt water for 3 hours ,skin and slice. Drop chili peppers in hot boiled water; take out at once—do not cook; remove seeds and veins. Scrape them with knife, pass through sieve, add rest of ingredients slowly—lemon last. Mix tongue with sauce—heat in double boiler if you want it hot, otherwise just as it is. Serve either hot or cold.

"Now for something French," said Damo.

BROILED MUSHROOMS

Soak centers of 2 slices of white bread in milk; squeeze dry, add salt and butter. Chop 2 oz. of raw beef marrow and add to bread mixture. Fill mushroom cavities. Sprinkle with white wine, and broil.

"And for dessert," said Damo, "here's something that will make your mouth water."

HONEY-LEMON MERINGUE PIE

3 egg yolks
2 tbsp. of flour
1 cup warm water
4 tbsp. of lemon juice
1 cup of honey
½ pat of butter
Line pan with your favorite pie crust. Fill with above ingredients after beating them in a double boiler until they are thick. Make a meringue by beating together 2 tbsp. of sugar for each 2 egg whites and adding vanilla to taste. Top the pie and bake.

"You won't ever forget this," said Damo. "But," he cautioned, "if you use sugar instead of honey, you won't get the 'oomph!' "

"THE CHURCH OF THE WAYFARER"

Robert Stanton of Pebble Beach will be soloist next Sunday morning at the Community Church, now "The Church of the Wayfarer," of which he was the architect. His solo will be "Abide With Me."

CARMEL'S
RADIO
STORE
Rentals · Repairing
Cameras · Photo Supplies
SEVERNS'
Ocean Ave. Telephone 558

FRENCH STUDIO
MALCOLM MOULDER resumes classes and private lessons for beginners and advanced pupils, starting Sept. 3rd.
New Address: N. W. Cor. Santa Lucia & San Carlos. Ph. 1570

U. S. Senator Hiram Johnson
Extends to Carmel's
REPUBLICANS - DEMOCRATS - PROGRESSIVES
His deep-felt appreciation for the confidence extended to him by their overwhelming vote at Tuesday's primary, and pledges to continue his efforts in their behalf at the National Capitol.

HAVE YOU TRIED A
Loaf of Our
VITAMIN 'B' BREAD
The white bread with that protective food factor—
VITAMIN 'B'
DOLORES BAKERY
Dolores Street -:- Phone 650
ALSO A FULL LINE OF DELICATESSENS

Playhouse Offers Good Films, Including Rebecca

Tonight at the Playhouse, "Service De Luxe," a delightful, romantic comedy of a girl who bossed everyone and everything — but couldn't manage her own heart. The picture stars Constance Bennett and introduces Vincent Price as a new cinematic lead supported by such laughmakers as Mischa Auer, Charles Ruggles, Helen Broderick and lovely Joy Hodges.

Tomorrow and Sunday, matinees and evenings, brings the beautifully filmed British picture, "The Challenge" . . . a drama of peaceful conflict. An Englishman and an Italian stake all in an attempt to scale the Matterhorn and their adventure is a thrilling one. The human drama that ensues is exciting against the superbly photographed background of the majestic Alps.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday one of the greatest films ever to come out of Hollywood . . . "Rebecca". This beautiful picture, adapted from Daphne du Maurier's best-seller, moves under the expert direction of Alfred Hitchcock with a pulsating rhythm that is hypnotizing. The part of Max de Winter, played by Laurence Olivier, rivals "Gone With the Wind"'s Rhett Butler in glamour and intensity. Joan Fontaine as the nameless successor to Rebecca de Winter does one of the finest jobs ever recorded on celluloid. Judith Anderson, George Sanders, Reginald Denny, Gladys Cooper and Nigel Bruce out-do themselves in the principal and supporting roles. The story, the acting, the photography and the direction form an unexcelled combination to make a really great picture.

Thirty-four sets of "Rebecca" were photographed on the Monterey peninsula.

Raimu, the baker of "The Baker's Wife," returns to the Playhouse next Thursday, Sept. 5, in "Heart of Paris" with beautiful and talented Michele Morgan, star of "Port of Shadows." "Heart of Paris" is a superb blend of comedy and drama with lines and situations of charming drollery. The New York Daily News terms it . . . "A human, heart-warming story . . . the best French film to come our way since the indelible 'Mayerling'

THE MODERN WHALE

I guess most everybody knows
that most exciting tale
about the prophet Jonah
who was swallowed by the
whale.

That ancient whale could not be
like
the one we know about,
because whatever this one eats
digests without a doubt.

I know he never would GIVE UP
admitting he was beaten.
I'd count on him to HOLD HIS
OWN
no matter what he'd eaten.

Even if he is immense,
his belly big and hollow,
Jonah, now o'days, would be
a bit too much to swallow.

He wouldn't have the slightest
chance
to be a stow-away
in any of our modern whales;
it isn't DONE today!

—by EDITH STUBBS PARKER.

Young Willkie Club Formed

The Young Willkie Club was organized last Wednesday night at the Carmel Republican Club quarters on Seventh street. Members are: Suzi McGraw, Ruth Burrows, Doris Evans, Art Strasburger, Peter Elliott, Bob Ralph, Roger McNeil, Gordon Ewig and George Gossler.

Bob Ralph was elected chairman and Doris Evans secretary. All boys and girls between 14 and 21 who are interested in joining this group may call at the Republican Club between 4 and 5 in the afternoon, or phone 218.

If you read it in The Pine Cone, you may safely repeat it.

Drunkard Cast Enjoys "Under The Gaslight"

Dressing rooms at the First Theater became the scene of a lively reunion after the performance of "Under the Gaslight" last Friday night. For numerous members of the famous Drunkard cast from Hollywood dropped in to mingle with the local actors and tell them how good they found the show. Galt Bell was there, and Blackie O'Niel and Larry Grenier and Mrs. Grenier ,and their verdict in favor of the Telfer-directed meladrama was unanimously enthusiastic.

The Drunkard, you know, originated here, then ventured down to Hollywood on a shoestring. That was seven years ago, and their show, with a few cast replacements, is still playing to packed houses and being written up by swank reviewers. And while the members of the company looked no older than when they left here they do look more prosperous.

They ought to know what a good melodrama is—and a good Olio. And they did everything in the way of bouquet handing that the most avid congratulation collectors could expect or even hope for. Which was entirely as it should be, for this latest Denny-Watrous show was an unqualified success.

Of course you can always expect good work of Ruth Marion and Bob Bratt, who played the heavies. And all that need be said of their performance was that it was even better than this reviewer expected. They were the top points in the show, but they weren't the whole thing. Not by a jugfull.

There was Louis Dubin, for instance. He played two parts, Martin the butler and Bermudas the sweatered Italian. In the former role he was good, in the latter a knockout. And there was Eddie George as the lovable and loyal Snorkey. He had just the sympathetic quality that was needed for the part. And Louise Welty as Peachblossom did a neat bit, particularly when she was playing opposite Ruth Marion.

Florence Lockwood played the heroine in professional style. She was a thoroughly fetching character. And Barbara Stockton as Pearl Courtland was equally good. Steve Cochran made a convincing hero, very striking in his finery. Edward Filpula did a very good job as the stationmaster — wasn't quite as good in his other part of Justice Bowling. And Betty Bryant as Mrs. Van Dam was as good as Betty Bryant always is.

When you see a show as consistently good as this one was you can be pretty sure that the direction had something to do with it. And we may all hope that Roland Telfer will direct some more productions among us. For this was first class entertainment.

The Olio was much as usual. I never get too much of "The Bushes at the Bottom of the Garden" and "How Little Nell Founded Los Angeles." Then there was the tall fellow in the Gold Coast Quartette —James Meagher was his name, I believe—dead panning while the others clowned. All good. All good. And Ruth Marion with Louise Welty and Florence Lockwood in "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl."

Bill France's skating act was an innovation. Who'd have dreamed that across the street from The Pine Cone office was a fellow whose wheels went around like that? And the Hildebrand Sisters. When they appeared my partner nudged me and said, "That little girl on the left has what I call personality plus." She did, too, which isn't detracting any from her sister.

Maybe you think this sounds like a press agent's notice. And maybe it does—but it isn't. The point is that when you enjoy a show you should say so; and when you enjoy it from top to bottom you should say that, too. I did—from Franklin Dixon's scenes and Rhoda Johnson's costumes to Bob Bratt's villainous laugh. —R. M.

Preview With Fixin's at Carmel Theater Tonight

Extra—Extra.

There's going to be a sneak preview at the Carmel Theater tonight.

That means that a bunch of Hollywood directors and actors and things are going to sneak up here to see what they look like on the screen — in a picture so new it hasn't got its Christian name yet.

Maybe Brian Ahearne's in it. Or Joan Fontaine. They're staying over at the Lodge just now.

A Lot On The Beach

The man attuned to long vistas, to the fresh, free smell of the Ocean, to the deep roll of blue waters, will find this spot his very own. His house would rest where the white fringe curls almost into his front yard. And, this lot is a bargain in price.

Elizabeth McClung White

Telephone 171 Realtor

RICHARDSON'S FURNITURE MART

INVITE YOU TO INSPECT THE UNUSUAL OFFERINGS OF THEIR NEW CURTAIN DEPARTMENT

FRENCH MARQUISETTE SHEER CURTAINS
in pastel colors, ruffled and trimmed with chenille to harmonize with any color scheme
. . . *and* . . .
A large assortment of specially designed DRAPES
in cretonne, blocked linen, brocade and spun rayon.

SEE OUR WINDOW DISPLAY
397 Calle Principal at Franklin opposite San Carlos Hotel - Monterey, California

beverly's
house o' flowers
Carmel Theater Building
Telephone 374

HOTEL LA RIBERA DINING ROOM
Breakfast - Luncheon - Dinner
Really Home-Cooked Foods
Daintily and Quietly Served in a Spacious, Distinctive Room
HENRY C. OVERIN, *Mgr.*
Lincoln at Seventh Phone Carmel 800

State Senator Edward H. Tickle
extends to Carmel's
REPUBLICANS and DEMOCRATS
his full appreciation for the vote of confidence extended to him at the recent primary election, and pledges to continue his battle for
EFFICIENCY IN STATE GOVERNMENT

Picture Framing
ARTISTS' MATERIALS
— at —
OLIVER'S
120 Main St. Monterey

LABOR DAY DINNER DANCE
This Sunday, September 1st
in the
Bali Room
at
HOTEL DEL MONTE
featuring the nationally known dance team
PIERRE and RENEE
Dancing Also Monday Night

Edward Kuster's Pupils In Study Demonstration

Edward Kuster very kindly asked me to come down to the Green Room last Saturday evening to see a demonstration of the work of his Golden Bough Summer Theater School. "It will start at 8:00," he said, "and won't take more than an hour."

It took over a couple of hours and I wish it had lasted longer.

Kuster gave a short introductory speech, explaining that the demonstration would be regular routine class work, and then went on to express the hope that, with his students and some carefully-chosen local talent, he would be able eventually to attract some "big names" in the theater world to act with his group and thus develop a theater in Carmel that would continue and enhance the reputation of the old Golden Bough.

First there was a typical make-up class, conducted efficiently and charmingly by Marion Hill. Donnan Jeffers rapidly and skillfully became a Chinaman — and Pat Quinn ,with tireless rubbing and considerable extending of eyelashes, transformed her fresh, young face into that of a glowing, passionate glamour girl.

Followed a speech correction lesson, by Kuster, including a reading from the script of the forthcoming "Merrily We Roll Along," assisted by members of the audience. Voices were recorded and played back immediately—which was a lot of fun.

Then three short plays by students in Talbot Pearson's classes. The first was cut abruptly when Mary Alice Burke forgot her lines after repeating three times, "He went home to his wife with lipstick on his undershirt" while the prompter off stage was engaged in an argument with somebody. "The Valiant", with Louise Doud and Jim Harkey, both doing an excellent job, Louise especially (By Jove! that girl has promise!) And "Swell", very amusingly done by Donnan Jeffers and Pat Quinn.

Talbot Pearson gave a short talk, supplementing Kuster's introduction. He said the legitimate theater—as we used to know it—is a thing of the past, and that therefore the function of a theater school should be to teach its students to meet life—rather than to train them for the stage. It reminded me of what Maude Adams expressed about her splendid work at Stephen College:

"Theoretically, we recognize the importance of the emotions. But practically, we make very little effort to prepare young people for emotional crises ahead. The great dramatists can tell the young of every sort of crisis, no matter how complicated. Through playing parts in great plays, you get to know what life is. You learn by sympathy and imagination—for to act a part in a play you must be sympathetic. Acting is a course in emotional psychology. It is a way of learning about life without being harmed in the learning."

The evening was concluded by a demonstration of Ruth Austin's class work in body control, and it was very interesting. All of Kuster's students took part—and you should have seen them practice falling down stairs!—C. D.

Abundance of Sea Hawks Matches That of Lloyds

There seems to be some sort of conspiracy here. It's too pat to be merely a coincidence.

It is about a picture and a boat and some men.

The picture is The Sea Hawk.

The boat is The Sea Hawk.

The men are two Frank Lloyds. At least we think there are two of them.

If you'll notice the publicity stories about this picture, the Sea Hawk, you'll find that it was produced by one Frank Lloyd.

And the boat that coaxed another Frank Lloyd out of The Pine Cone office was also named Sea Hawk.

So we have two Sea Hawks and two Frank Lloyds and no matter how you sort them out you always get a Sea Hawk and a Frank Lloyd together.

Anna Grant Dall Opens New Studio

Anna Grant Dall, pianist, teacher and accompanist, is opening a music studio in Carmel. Miss Dall has had the privilege of study with many teachers of international reputation such as Marie Prentner of the Leschetizly school in Vienna and I. Phillip, Wagner Swayne and Robert Schmitz while in Paris; Tobias Matthay in London, and Alfred Mirovich in New York. She has also studied ensemble with Andre Tourret, violinist of the Tourret string quartet in Paris.

Miss Dall has had a broad experience in teaching and is well qualified for the instruction of advanced students as well as children. Also coaching adult pianists who wish to review and brush up on their repertoire and singers who wish to work on songs.

California's State Fair Opens Today

Nationally prominent entertainers, farming accomplishments and sports events will divide honors at California's 68th annual State Fair which opened today at Sacramento. The fair will be in full swing from today until Sept. 9 inclusive.

There will be racing every day. Both running and harness events will be held each week day, with special harness racing and a steeplechase on Sundays.

Introducing the Pine Nut

May we present the Pine Nut?

The Pine Nut is neither a column nor a person, but the answer to an editorial problem.

You see, there are always little interesting things bobbing up that don't quite qualify as news copy or editorial copy but deserve slightly different treatment from that accorded Pine Needles. They're interview stuff, but not quite of the same cloth as interviews with Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Willkie.

And we've invented the Pine Nut to cover that type of interview. The pseudonym doesn't apply to a particular member of the Pine Cone staff. Instead any one of us who happens across the sort of material suitable for that type of handling will be the Pine Nut, **pro tem.**

And that, you'll admit, is quite as it should be. For we're all of us nuts over here.

BARNEY GETS THE DOOR

Wandering up Ocean Avenue the other day the Pine Nut saw Barney Segal basking in the sunlight in the doorway of his new office, where the bank used to be. And that was News, for it was the first time in years that Barney had been able to sun himself without crossing the street.

"So you had to move your office to get in the sun," observed the Pine Nut.

"Well, that was a whole lot better than having to move the sun to get in my office, wasn't it?" Barney retorted.

There didn't seem to be any argument about that. So the Pine Nut passed it off by peering into the office.

"Nice place you've got here," he commented. "How does it seem to get back in the old quarters?"

For you know, Barney was in there when the bank first opened.

"Seems great," said Barney.

Then he pointed to a vault door in back.

"I've even got the old vault door," he declared. "When the bank moved it traded it in on some new ones And I went up to San Francisco and bought it back. Makes it seem sort of homelike in here."

So Barney is back in the sun where he used to be. And his vault door is back on its hinges where it used to be. But in one way the vault door seemed to have had the advantage—for it had got clear up to San Francisco in the mean time, while Barney had only got into the shade across the street.

Buds and Sprouts

By SUZANNE WATSON and KAY LEE

BACK TO SCHOOL

Come back to school, the teachers say
Our eyes are filled with tears
The Buds will go with dresses clean,
The Sprouts with shiny ears.

Ah! woe is me, we all must go,
Vacation time is done,
The Buds will bid farewell to play,
The Sprouts, farewell to fun.

We must learn to study hard,
And nothing else will do,
But Buds will get demerits,
And Sprouts,—demerits too.

But once we've settled down
And got the swing of things,
The Buds will all be angels,
The Sprouts, — will sprout the wings.

So do not worry, parents, dear,
We are all for education,
For Buds and Sprouts, together are
Your Coming Generation.

—WHITNEY MADDUX.

So we're going back to school! Well, it has advantages. We'll see new faces, make new friends. Some of us are worried whether or not we'll be in the same room with Louis or Jim H.

• • •

Jimmy Greenan, Vivian Ohm, Sandy Burhams and myself ended our summer vacation night before last at the Racquet Club Dance. Lots of fun, but Sandy had a little too much spaghetti and wasn't responsible for his actions thereafter.

• • •

Virginia Shepard doesn't like the idea of going to the new Carmel High School. Reason: her friend, Hal Dashback, will still be at M. U. H. S.

• • •

Alice Vidoroni, Emma Ann Wishart, Jacky Klein are beginning to wonder—shall I keep up my friendship with a certain BUD or shall I drop him and see if there will be anyone handsomer this year.

• • •

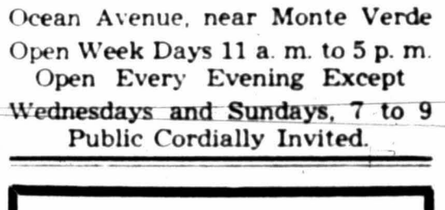
Everyone is getting new clothes for school, and everyone goes to the post office these days. Funny thing! We'd better ask Eleanor (Tiny) Johnson about letters marked Lake Tahoe.

• • •

Polly Parker and her family moved to Berkeley a little while ago, so Polly won't be at Sunset this year. We'll all miss her.

CHURCHES

All Saints Church Protestant Episcopal



"A House of Prayer for All People"
Monte Verde Street
South of Ocean Avenue
Rev. C. J. Hulsewé

SUNDAY SERVICES

8 a. m. Holy Communion
9:30 a. m., Church School
11 a. m., Morning Prayer and Sermon.

Christian Science Services

First Church of Christ, Scientist Carmel

Monte Verde St., one block North of Ocean Ave., between 5th & 6th
Sunday School 9:30 a. m.
Sunday Service 11 a. m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting 8 p.m.
Reading Room:
Ocean Avenue, near Monte Verde
Open Week Days 11 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Open Every Evening Except Wednesdays and Sundays, 7 to 9
Public Cordially Invited.

If you want a RADIO go to the CARMEL MUSIC SHOP

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CARMEL - CALIFORNIA

Supervisor
Andy Jacobsen
FIFTH SUPERVISORIAL DISTRICT
takes this means of thanking Carmel's electorate for its vote of confidence and his re-election as supervisor and member of the Republican Central Committee.

Playhouse
Monte Verde and Eighth — Shows 7 and 9 — Carmel

FRIDAY - 30
Romantic Comedy
SERVICE DE LUXE
Constance Bennett - Vincent Price - Mischa Auer and Charles Ruggles

SAT. 31 — SUN. 1
Alpine Thriller
THE CHALLENGE
Exquisitely made British Film

MON. 2 — TUES. 3 — WED. 4
Hollywood's Best of the Year
REBECCA
Laurence Olivier
Joan Fontaine
Directed by Alfred Hitchcock

STARTING THURS. - 5
The Baker of 'The Baker's Wife'
RAIMU
— in —
HEART OF PARIS
— with —
Lovely Michele Morgan

— for —
THE CURTAIN SHOP
Call 6208
Monterey, Calif.

NOTICE
Improvements are being planned for store space on the Pine Inn property.
Will Build to Suit Tenant.
For further information please contact
HARRISON GODWIN
PINE INN
Phone 600

Ross Millers Going Back to the Land

Come Sept. 1, Ross and Thelma Miller will be leaving to take possession of their newly purchased ranch in Lake County, adjoining the ranch home of Ranald and Bonney Cockburn. For four years, from 1934 to 1938, the Millers and the Cockburns were partners as publishers of The Pine Cone. When the Cockburns sold the paper to Archibald MacPhail about a year ago they went north to their 4000-acre sheep ranch. About the same time the Millers ,who had sold their interest in The Pine Cone to the Cockburns in 1938, went to Bakersfield as partners in the publication of the Kern Herald, then being organized as a morning daily.

After a year of hard but exhilarating work in Bakersfield, during which they set the town by the ears with an excursion into "fearless journalism," the Millers sold their interest in the paper early this summer and returned to Carmel for a much-needed rest. For the past two months they have been occupying the Wickman-Newhall guest cottage in the Highlands.

Several weeks ago they went up to Lake County to visit the Cockburns, spotted the 20-acre place adjoining the big ranch as that dream-come-true, and bought it. They have 10 acres of walnuts, a small herd of dairy cattle, sundry chickens and turkeys, and are going to be real dirt farmers.

REFUGEES

Withering women and mechanized men
Regimented down the rotten road of ruin.
With scabs of social scales;
Political problems of a Fuehrer's force
Paying the pagan price of corrupt power.
Hapless human victims of vicious values,
Sacrificed to gangster's greed and hate,
Whose redemption rests in soul suffering.

—A. MACDONALD

"Trust in God! Fight Like Hell!" Britain's Spirit

(This letter from Essex expresses so beautifully the spirit of the young defenders of England, that it is reprinted by personal permission of Frank M. O'Brien, Editor of The New York Sun.—Ed.)

"A TREMENDOUS PERSONAL ADVENTURE"

Essex, England.
Summer, 1940.

Many thanks for your letter. It was good to hear from you in the midst of all this. My dear chap, I do know what you mean when you say it's almost worse for you Britons over there than for us right "in it." I agree. I've never felt less worried by the war than I am now. It's ceased to be a vast and dreadful catastrophe for mankind and has become a tremendous personal adventure. One you can't do much about; the other requires action, ingenuity, what courage one has and, in fact, everything one possesses. The engine ceases to sit paralysed and begins to work on all cylinders.

Never doubt that we shall win. France may be dead but . . . England will win, all right. If the United States turns out the metal and the Canadians & Co. mind the kids and train the airmen we'll bottle that chap up and starve him out and finally kill him. . . .

The country itself is as deep and clear and sound as it ever was. At the moment it's positively elated in a quick, secret sort of way.

. . . Mind you, every one who is not here is missing something. It may all end in blood and tears and death and tyranny (which I doubt very strongly and see no reason why), but now at the moment it has restored the Elizabethan England. The most constant regret I have is that father has missed it now it's here. I am glad he missed the last three years of nightmare anticipation (it's been like living in a shed with a tiger cub and seeing the blasted thing growing in size and offensiveness every day), but now that the moment has come it's worth being alive to see it. It would have interested him so. If we should go down (I suppose there's an outside chance of it, but I cannot possibly believe it) we shan't have rotted away. We're as tremendous as we were in 1588. Think of it! Think of the parashots, the Ironsides, the church bell alarums. It's glorious stuff, and the spirit of the country has awakened to it as it awakened when the secret call went round to the little boats to go to Dunkirk.

The last war took the glory out of fighting and left a world of pacifists. My generation has been trained (on secondhand disillusionment) to think of "honour" (in the field) as foolhardiness and heroism as a chemical peculiarity. Now, for the first time, we're being given a demonstration of what these words meant to the Elizabethans, and I think all those nations who still think of England as France's little brother, now left alone, are going to be surprised—and delighted. I don't advocate fighting; all my training has been dead against it. I've lived in dread of war for 20 years. All I say is that now it's come with a good cause and a win-or-lose, life-or-death alternative, now I do see for the first time why our ancestors were so keen on it and I'm glad I'm here to see.

Christian Science

"Christ Jesus" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon Sunday, Sept. 1, in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

The Golden Text will be: "God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved" (John 3: 17). Other Bible citations will include: "Behold my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth; I have put my spirit upon him: he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles. . . . He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for his law" (Isa. 42: 1, 4).

The Lesson-Sermon will also include the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy: "The advent of Jesus of Nazareth marked the first century of the Christian era, but the Christ is without beginning of years or end of days. Throughout all generations both before and after the Christian era, the Christ, as the spiritual idea—the reflection of God, — has come with some measure of power and grace to all prepared to receive Christ, Truth" (p. 333).

"The Tuck Box" Offers England to Carmelites

Carmel will be the richer after Sept. 2, for addition of a new type of tea room. The Tuck Box, formerly Jane's Cake Shop, next door to The Pine Cone on Dolores street, taken over by Lorna Watson and Nancy Brumbridge.

Strictly in the best English tradition, from its name, to the many goodies it provides, it will reproduce the atmosphere of Merrie England for homesick Britishers, and Carmelites who know already that real English food is not limited to boiled mutton and cabbage.

A tuck box is a purely English institution along the lines of our steamer baskets. It contains all the best-loved jams, pastries, candies, scones, with perhaps a veal and ham pie, or a few sausage rolls.

This shop will serve real English breakfasts, and specializes in morning coffee, which they call "elevenses" in England. Soul-satisfying afternoon teas are to be featured, of course, but in case you have always longed to sample the steak and kidney pies so glowingly described by Dickens, The Tuck Box will make them for you to take home.

ROY WELSH BUYS HALLETT'S

Roy Welsh has bought out Hallett's Grocery Department, and has added fresh vegetables to his line of fine meats. He is retaining the name, "Quality Market", for his combined stores. You know the place, up there on Ocean avenue, a couple of doors from Staniford's.

CARMEL THEATRE

Finest Entertainment
Finest First-Run Pictures
Perfect Sound
Perfect Ventilation

Fri., Sat. - Aug. 30, 31
Bob Hope, Paulette Goddard in
THE GHOST BREAKERS
— also —
Baby Sandy, Mischa Auer, Nan Grey in
Sandy Is a Lady

Sun., Mon., Tues. - Sept. 1, 2, 3
Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy
— in —
NEW MOON

Wed., Thurs. - Sept. 4, 5
Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart
— in —
THE MORTAL STORM
— also —
Robt. Sterling, Virginia Gilmore, Joan Davis in
Manhattan Heartbeat
MATINEE WEDNESDAY

EXTRA SPECIAL!
Friday Night Only!
Hollywood Major Studio
SNEAK PREVIEW
of a
BRAND NEW PICTURE
to be shown for the first time to any audience.
Studio Officials, Director and Principals in cast will all be at the Carmel Theater Friday night to get your reaction to this new picture, not yet released or given its final title.
This picture will be shown once only at about 9 P. M.

BETTY'S SEAFOOD Restaurant

"Fish caught at 5 a. m. served the same day."
FISHERMEN'S WHARF

Hand Finish Family Finish
In Carmel . . it's the CARMEL LAUNDRY
"The Best There Is for Those Who Want the Finest"
One and Two-Day Service Mending and Darning Free
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Credit Cards Accepted
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Ten busy clerks in a grocery store must mean something . . .
IT DOES—
It means all Carmelites who appreciate a fair balance between quality and price, find it at
KIP'S
and go there to get it.
Ocean & San Carlos
Phone 167 or 168
for Quick Delivery
Groceries - Meats - Wines

CARLOS DRAKE,
Editor and Publisher

* * *

RICHARD L. MASTEN,
Associate Editor

* * *

SHERMAN WINSLOW,
Advertising Manager

The Carmel Pine Cone

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA
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SOMETHING TO LOOK OUT FOR

The Pine Cone has good reason to be happy about the outcome of this week's elections. The candidates whom it backed won. The candidates whom it didn't back lost. And while it claims no credit for this it does find it at least a pleasing coincidence.

But while the outcome of the affair was gratifying there was something else about it that was decidedly otherwise. For there came to light what appeared to be a bit of "smart" politics which did not redound at all to the credit of certain influential members of the Carmel Republican Club.

On Monday the voters of the district received in the mail mimeographed cards presenting what purported to be the club's recommendations. The list of approved candidates for office—Johnson, Anderson, Tickle and Weybret—occupied the upper half of these cards. And on the lower half was a group of names recommended for the Central Committee, in which John Jordan's was conspicuous for its absence.

Now, there would be no objection to all this if these recommendations had been decided upon at a meeting of the club. Though Mr. Jordan has been a faithful Republican wheelhorse for years, he has no mortgage upon a Central Committee seat. But the fact is that practically no one except a very few higher-ups in the club knew anything about it till they got their cards in the mail. A mere handful of men were, in other words, trying to dictate the personnel of the Central Committee.

There may be extenuating circumstances. Doubtless the persons who planned this coup thought that they were serving the best interests of the Republican party.

But they weren't.

The Republican party can't afford "smart" internal politics.

It is engaged in a battle against political machines and against men who try to impose their will upon the people from above—through exercise of superior cleverness and of organization control.

It is led by a man who doesn't claim to be a smart politician—whose campaign is founded upon the theory that frankness and above board dealing are the best political policy.

And if that sort of campaign is to be successful it must not be torpedoed by smart politicians in the provinces.

Just as you can't serve God and Mammon, so you can't play crusader and politician at the same time. And at the moment true political smartness will consist in not trying to be politically smart.

For that isn't the sort of thing that the voters are looking for in their leaders now.

If the people are allowed to become disillusioned about their crusade they'll stop marching in it.

If they see jockeying and elbowing going on among its top sergeants they'll wonder if maybe the whole thing isn't front—and go where they know they'll get theirs.

And then the whole thing might as well be written off and the country handed over indefinitely to really smart politicians who can make our own look like pikers.

"WORKERS, ARISE!"

When this call was broadcast to the Finns last year, it certainly worked—though not precisely as Joseph Stalin wished. Funny thing about those Finnish workers—they couldn't understand the beauty of the idea in the Communist chieftain's mind.

Or perhaps they understood it only too well. At least they've got a portion of their country left because of their awareness, where a man can call his soul his own without being tortured in a Soviet dungeon or starved in a Siberian labor camp.

Stalin has declared that workers in our country will rise when they are called. No doubt they will. But if he is the lad who is going to do the calling, he had better broadcast safely from his Kremlin. It would be mighty uncomfortable for him over here—as his agents would confirm.

This coming Monday, September 2nd, is a date on which American workers will arise without any Russian fuehrer calling them. Of their own volition they will arise to a sense of their strength, their freedom, their responsibility. It is the annual holiday of Organized Labor in America, and the Nation salutes its workers.

SONNET IN REVERIE

Send me a rondeau, love, from where you dwell,
Far on the gray plateau that vision knows;
Send me a rondeau, love—tonight there blows
A starry wind across the lurstrous well,
Rippling the shadow where your white rose fell.
O write it slowly—let design impose
Itself upon the word until it flows
Into the form your meteored dreams foretell..
And when it comes to me, and I stand listening
To all your voice (although I walk alone,
Hearing the rainless wind startle the trees,
The windless rain falter away to glistening),
I shall exult that no law man has known
Sunders the heart from moments such as these.

—E. M. WILKINS.

AFTER MUSIC

Sound being fashioned thus: divine
Beyond the limit of a phrase
To tell in any way its praise,
Choose silence, rather. Make no sign.

Save with your eyes. Magnificence
Endures without the tongue's acclaim,
Beyond the treachery of fame,
Of time, or of men's insolence.

—RALPH FREIDRICH.

SACRIFICIAL FIRES

The angel with the flaming sword
Has walked the wood today,
Kindling slow, fluorescent fires,
Her hand turned every way.

But I shall watch with quiet eyes
The piteous Pageantry
Of reddening leaves that flare, and fall,
And die, by her decree,

As I have seen soft, curling smoke
Arise, from hopes which lie
Like driftwood, all about my feet,
That willed to climb the sky.

Content, I know the outgrown year
But clings, encumbering:
Renunciation's pyres presage
The living leaves of spring.

—IRENE ELIZABETH STIMSON.

MEADOW HEALING

Here in this twilight meadow
Where drowsy insects hum
You and I have stumbled
Against millenium.

No cobra years can clench us,
Pitiful and tense.
Against their tongues of chaos
Our kisses are defense.

Our barricade is passion,
Our unity is shield.
Against the world's disaster
We move forever healed.

—LUCIA TRENT.

ERNESTINE MOREHEAD

In our review in last week's issue of Edward Kuster's delightful presentation of "June Mad" we expressed an opinion that Ernestine Morehead, with the exception of one short scene, gave an uninspired, though adequate performance. Miss Morehead took the part of "Mrs. Wood," mother of the emotional "Penny"—so beautifully played by Louise Doud. Our criticism was based, to a large extent, on a conviction that she must be in her late thirties, with limited stage experience and not much chance of real improvement. But, you know, she completely fooled us. We have learned recently that Miss Morehead is only twenty years old. Which means that, if she continues to act in plays, over and over again, she ought to be "tops" before attaining "Mrs. Wood's" middle-age.

DESTROYERS TO BRITAIN?

About selling those destroyers to Britain—

We shouldn't sell them. We should offer to lend them, and take a mortgage on the British fleet as security.

We should say to Britain, "You can have the fifty over-age boats you want; but only on condition that, come what may, you will deliver your fleet to us before you allow it to fall into Hitler's hands."

And we should do it out in the open, where every Englishman and every American, and every Nazi too, could see what was happening.

It is true, of course, that in the event of disaster such an agreement might not be kept. But despite the evidence of the war debts, whose repayment we, with out trade policy, did everything we could to make impossible, the English are pretty good about keeping their agreements.

And it would be a lot more sensible to pin faith on them than to pin it on Hitler's benevolence in case of a Nazi victory.

Perhaps Hitler doesn't intend to dominate the world. Perhaps all he wants is to dominate Europe. But why take a chance?

Britain took a chance on him. She gambled on his promises for years—and that's why bombs are dropping about London today.

Lust for power and dominion increases with each success. And to hope that it will end with one more victory is like hoping that a drunkard's appetite for alcohol will end with just one more drink.

Turning the destroyers over to Britain would be an unneutral act. It would be almost as unneutral as our feelings.

But in a time like this neutrality is dangerous. The best we can afford to cling to is non-belligerency.

-:- Letters to the Editor -:-

PRAISES FIRE DEPARTMENT

Sir:

Will be very grateful to you if you will please express through the medium of your valuable paper my heartfelt appreciation to the Carmel Volunteer Fire Department, who were so exceedingly kind in assisting me to hospital by ambulance, on the occasion of my accident recently, when I unfortunately broke my hip. Their experience in first aid and Red Cross is a great credit, not only personally to the men, but to Carmel, which should be distinctly proud to have in their midst business men who unselfishly donate their lives to the care of others.

Mrs. M. Francis Selgrath.

TRUSTS ROOSEVELT

Sir:

You know you fellows make me plenty sick with all your cocksure articles about how that utility tycoon Willkie is the only salvation for the country. Roosevelt may have made a ——— of a lot of mistakes but he has certainly tried hard to give the country a break, and if Hitler should conquer England, I, for one, would feel safer to have him at the head of our defense. He has made the plans and raised the money. I say, let him carry on.

JOSEPH DRILL.

LETTER FROM DEVON

Sir:

The following letter I've just received from England may interest your readers. It was written by a 70-year-old woman living 30 miles from Plymouth.—M. G.

August 4th, 1940.

Well, we are still here and the Germans have not invaded us yet. We are all ready for them, but Hitler is a long time making up his mind.

We look very war-like here. The sea front is all barbed wire and all the shipways blocked, guns at intervals. So Hitler will get a hot reception when he comes, and I think the men are all longing to have a "go" at him.

We have had no air raid here as yet, but the raiders come over here en route to other places, and we have heard bombs dropped in the distance and sometimes the doors and windows rattle. They seem to do wonderfully little damage.

The people at home seem to take everything very calmly—just go about their work and get on with it. I think the working classes have no fear and they all mean to fight and THEY MEAN TO WIN. The country is now well-prepared and just waiting for the onslaught.

We are very well off for food and one hears no complaints about the rations of tea, sugar and fats. One just makes the best of it. Things are dear, and a lemon costs fourpence. Eggs are going to be scarce this winter; we have put down a lot, so I hope Hitler won't come and smash them.

This is an odd sort of life one lives these days. It always seems to be just waiting for news. We knit and we knit—don't worry much—"thumbs up" and hope for the best.

It will come out all right in the end, only I wish it could be soon.

FANNY.

Post Office Begins Alien Registration

Aliens residing in the Carmel postal district, today can obtain from Postmaster Fred Mylar application forms described as AR-1 for registration under the recently adopted alien legislation. To date, AR-1 is the only one of the four forms received at the local post office.

Aliens have until Dec. 29, 1940 in which to register.

The Carmel post office will be equipped to fingerprint all applicants.

Noel Sullivan Elected Music Society Head

Noel Sullivan was elected president of the Carmel Music Society at a meeting of the board of directors held last Monday at Hollow Hills Farm. Other officers for the coming season will be J. P. Gilbert, first vice president; Mrs. Hurd Comstock, second vice president; Miss Dene Denny, third vice president; Mrs. Carl Rohr, treasurer; Mrs. Herbert John Morse, recording secretary and Miss Anne Martin, corresponding secretary.

Mr. Sullivan was selected to head the booking committee, J. Franklin Dixon is chairman of the membership committee, Mrs. Carmel Martin of the finance committee, and Mrs. Katherine MacFarland Howe of the publicity committee.

The schedule of artists selected includes Argentinita and her group of Spanish dancers for December; Sylvia Lent, the violinist, for January; Dorothy Maynor, soprano, for March, and the dual pianists, Babin and Vronsky for April.

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At your dealer's, you'll find a special display of Dr. Pepper in cartons. A regular 6 bottle carton is tagged for you at only 5 cents (plus deposit) . . . when purchased with another at the regular price of 25 cents (plus deposit). Sign your name and address on the tag which you tear off the 5 cent carton and leave this tag with your dealer. *Both must be purchased together . . . Only two cartons to each customer.*

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Friday and Saturday
August 30th and 31st

This offer good only at Dr. Pepper Dealers in CARMEL

DR. PEPPER BOTTLING CO. of Salinas

(Dr. Pepper by the carton as prizes)

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Fun - Skill
Amusement
Recreation

Bowl Yourself to Health!

Reservations now being booked for Fall Club Tournaments.

P. G. Bowling Alley
213 Forest Avenue
PACIFIC GROVE

19 —— FALL

THE PICK OF THE FALL COTTON CROP

Cinderella's

SCHOOL FROCKS

We've a grand collection of the famed Cinderella frocks, specially styled for school. Beautifully detailed in the very newest fabrics, including woven plaid ginghams and fine poplins. They're practical as they are smart . . . for each frock is guaranteed washable.* See these extraordinary values, now.

*Ivory Flakes or other mild soap suggested

$1.25 and up

• *Above:* Spiral print "Chambrette" cotton, "shutter-pleated" bodice and skirt, patent leather belt. A Cinderella frock, sizes 3 to 12.

• *Right:* Shirtwaist frock, Woven plaid gingham skirt, pocket and collar; solid color zephyr top. A Cinderella frock, sizes 10 to 16.

LOOK FOR CINDERELLA'S COACH — THE SIGN OF SMART FROCKS FOR SHELF

Holman's DEPARTMENT STORE

To be completely
'Soigne'
Milady must not
neglect one
detail of her
person—
From the last curl of
her coiffure to
the tip of her
stubby little
shoes—
Her accessories
must harmonize
and accentuate
the smartness
of her
gown—
it makes no
difference
whether her
taste runs
to Tweeds
or casual
cloths—the
correct effect
cannot be
achieved
without
including those
indispensable
details
which mark
her a
woman of
Fashion.

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Very unusual collection of imported tweeds with yarns to match.

A Large selection of Knitting Bags

Clever Baubles and Costume Jewelry demanded by this year's fashions.

AS THE CROW FRIES

By Richard L. Masten

TOO MANY MAIN COURSES

By Ford tells me that I'm getting a little too heavy in this column, and while By and I disagree on a lot of things—which adds to the zest of our friendship—I'm afraid that I'll have to agree with him about this one. It is all very well to serve nourishing intellectual meals, or try to, but a 12-course dinner in which every course is roast beef is likely to become a little monotonous after a while.

And I fear that even the jingle with which I attempt to spice things up has bogged down a bit during the past two weeks. I've been running a rhymed play—or something—about the difficulties in which our economy finds itself, and the darned thing doesn't sparkle very much. I don't want to ring down in the curtain in the middle of the show—By wouldn't do that with a stage production—but I do feel inclined to cut corners and close with this issue. Then maybe next week I can get back to something more diverting.

The end of my little jingled spectacle, streamlined and editorialized in spots, follows:

THE ROAD BACK

Into the production machine capital and labor put their offerings of plant hours and work hours. This machine is a strange device which mixes these offerings and turns them into goods. And in addition to these real values it gives out paper values—money values—in equivalent amount.

The people who put in their productive offerings get for them paper values. They take these to the hopper where the goods come out and exchange them for goods. If all the money is used in this way it clears the hopper of goods and the machine runs smoothly. But if it isn't, goods pile up in the hopper and slow down the machine.

Then there are less goods, and less money, and less demand for the offerings of capital and labor.

And the machine has slowed down. So people in general are hard up. We are not producing either as much real wealth or as much of the money values necessary to buy it as we should. And this means that everybody is poorer than he ought to be.

When our play opened the people who had been to the machine were lamenting the fact that they couldn't get all their offerings into it, and wondering why. Let's go on from there.

ALL

We're mighty short of money
But maybe we'll get by
By spending less on food and dress.
At least we'll have to try.
Of course it isn't funny
To thus economize
But still we guess we'll live, unless
We meet some new surprise.

(Four masked men, armed to the teeth with governmental powers, appear on the scene. They are the Federal, State, County and City Tax Collectors. They level their weapons at the distressed wayfarers.)

TAXMEN

We want money!

PEOPLE

But you *mustn't* take our money.

TAXMEN

We want money!

PEOPLE

But we cannot spare our money.
We really haven't half enough.
But we can give you other stuff.

MANUFACTURERS

We've plant

LABORERS

And labor,

EXECUTIVES

Brain,

WORKERS

And skill

ALL

We know that they will fill the bill
To give you everything you will
From yachts to bread and honey.
We've got facilities to spare
To turn out every sort of ware
So step right up and take your share.
Take plenty, for there's plenty there,
Of anything but money.

FEDERAL TAXMAN

No no no no

COUNTY TAXMAN

No no no no

STATE TAXMAN

It's not a go

CITY TAXMAN

It can't be so.

ALL TAXMEN

Cough up the dough, and don't be slow.
Collecting money's all we know.
You can't out-argue us although
You're erudite as Tunney.
It's up to you to fabricate
And sell the stuff that you create,
In short, to labor and to wait;
You're industry and we're the State
And what we want is money.

TAXPAYERS

But that will be injurious
And leave us all penurious.
You'll kill the golden-egged goose
And turn a new depression loose.
The more you take the less we make
The less we make the less you take
So use your heads, for heaven's sake.
Lay off of us before things break.
For that would not be funny.

FARMER

I'll give you wheat.

PUBLISHER

I'll give you news.

BUTCHER

I'll dress your meat.

BOOTBLACK

I'll shine your shoes.

RAILROADER

I'll haul your goods along my tracks.

ALL

We'll make you cars and carpet tacks
And ships and shoes and sealing wax.
Take what we has, not what we lacks:
And what we lacks is money.

What they are trying to get over is the fact that they are in a position to turn out more of everything that money can buy—which means everything that money stands for — by combining their left-over plant and labor. And it wouldn't impoverish them in the least if the tax collectors took that, but would simply let them work harder and apply their extra work to support of the government.

This can be done, too, at least so far as Federal taxes are concerned. The government can stop taking part of the reward of realized production and support its normal operations upon the potential output of the excess facilities of American capital and labor. I've worked on the problem long enough to be convinced of that.

And it makes me a bit sad not to be able to do anything with it at this juncture in our national life. It distresses me, for instance to think that I've got something which if properly understood would allow a man like Mr. Willkie to stand up before the people and promise to restore prosperity and keep it, to find every willing worker a job in private industry, to balance the budget, and to cut taxes to the point where all they'd be used for would be financing the armament program and retiring the national debt.

If he could make such a promise and show just how it could be kept we wouldn't need to worry about a third term. Nor would we be bothered by the menace of Communism and Fascism, which can be serious only when there's unemployment and uncertainty and general economic insufficiency. Or by the threat of inflation.

But I guess I'm talking like a nut. And I'm probably boring you. I'm sorry, and I'll try to do better next week.

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SCENIC HOME SITES
—at—
CARMEL HIGHLANDS
DOLORES STREET
Opposite Pine Cone Office
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TELEPHONE 12
J. FRANK DEVENDORF
Founder

Women Democrats Meet Sept. 6

The Monterey Peninsula Women's Democratic Club will meet Friday, Sept. 6, at 2 o'clock at the residence of Miss Elsa Blackman, Carmelo and Ocean. Mrs. Natalie Warrington will read a paper on the New Deal's contribution to youth. Miss Bolling Gregg will review a book on Democracy and the third term by Fred Rodell, Professor of Law at Yale University. Mrs. T. G. Emmons of Salinas will report on the National Democratic Convention at Chicago. All those interested are invited.

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Also Complete Line of School Suits
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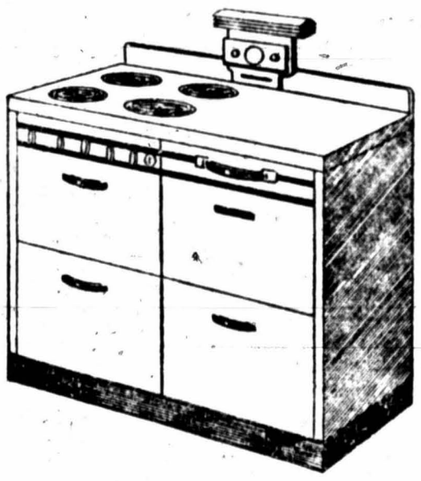

Why be moored to a hot kitchen this summer by an old-fashioned stove? You'll escape it if you will cook electrically, as thousands of other California housewives are doing. Electric cooking is automatic. You put food into the electric oven. You set time and temperature controls. You have nothing more to do. An electric range does ONE job capably—it cooks food—not the cook.

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Big Boy Holds Tom-Cat Crown!

—Photo by E. M. J.

Battling Big Boy Champ of Tom Cats

Spying a big white turkey gobler in the yard I was going to knock at the door of a Seaside house out by the dunes to ask if I could photograph him—anticipating Thanksgiving by a large margin.

I changed my mind. In the door a huge feline beast, dog-sized, braced on all four massive legs greeted me with an unpleasant snarl. Laid his tufted ears back in a nasty menacing way. I got what he meant right away.

Jack Weston came around the corner of his house from the rabbitry.

"A swell watch cat you've got there," I said, withdrawing carefully from that mighty cat, all bristled and ready for battle. "What make is he?"

"Now you got something there," Mr. Weston admitted with a smile. "He's no plain cat. Big Boy is half wild cat and half Maltese." Adding proudly, "He's killed every tom cat in every neighborhood we've ever lived in."

I could easily believe it.

Big Boy's belligerence subsided and he sidled up affectionately to Weston, who stroked him. Those two understand each other.

"Everyone wants to buy Big Boy," casting a complimentary appraising eye over his heroic cat's physique," but my wife and I wouldn't sell him for anything."

"How do you know that Big Boy,"—I almost hesitated to be so familiar on such short notice with such a kingly creature—"is really half wild cat?"

Not that I had the least doubt he was—with his enormous frame, muscular forelegs, massive skull, aigrette-like whiskers feathering out of furry upper lip, the wide spread of nostrils, the gray saddle. The general sense of litheness and power his every little gesture or stance communicated.

"Well, you see I used to trap back there in Montana. Trapped in Idaho, too, with a man named Merriam. We went after wild cats and cougars for the bounty. Say that guy was brave. Why, one night we tracked a cougar to his hide-out in a sort of cave. Merriam says 'Jack, you wait here on the outside and I'll get him.' I didn't need any urging to stay outside—I had no desire to go after that animal. Merriam went in with a flashlight and a gun. He got that cougar—easy. . . . That was a long time ago.

"We separated then some years after—two, I think—one day Merriam came to my place in Montana.

" 'Well, Jack,' says he, 'I've brought you a little present—and it's a real cat'. And he handed me Big Boy—just a kitten then. That's about two years ago.

"Merriam had tamed a wildcat he caught and made a pet of him. The wild cat was the father of this here kitten and the mother, Merriam's Maltese cat. We bought Big Boy to Seaside with us and he's head tom all right around these here parts. Aren't you, Big Boy?":
—J. Holloway.

Sailing Competition at Stillwater Cove Grows Keen

It just happened that the son of part of The Pine Cone staff was invited to be crew for Jon Konigshofer in a sailboat race at Pebble Beach. And believe it or not, they won the race. So this member of The Pine Cone staff said to himself, "That sort of thing is news. Let's see what sort of follow up there is to it."

And he found that there was plenty of follow up. They're in the middle of a series of sailing races over at Stillwater Cove. Each Sunday they sail a race and each Sunday there's a new winner. Four races. Four different winners. And only three more heats to go.

The first race was won by **Curlew,** captained by Bob Doolittle. In the second **Manila Boy,** a Filipino canoe with outriggers, owned by K. Clark, carried off the honors. The third went to Jon Konigshofer's **Poo**—that was the time The Pine Cone's family served as crew—and last Sunday's event went to the MacDonald boat **Rascal.**

The races are sailed over a three-mile course, and are more or less catch-as-catch-can so far as classification goes, with Mercury class boats competing with the homemades of some of our local yachtsmen.

And the field is increasing rapidly. Local boat building is showing activity not unlike that in the airplane industry. Four or five Mercury class boats are building, and the number of backyard construction projects is said to be high.

. . . . from The Pine Cone, August 25, 1915

25 Years Ago This Week

It was only recently that David Starr Jordan was discouraging the idea of training men to fight, while on the same day Benj. Ide Wheeler was emphasizing the desirability of compulsory military service.

After almost a year's proprietorship of Pine Inn, George W. Creaser has sold out to G. H. Shields, of San Francisco. Mr. Shields has set a high standard of excellence for his new property, and the fame of Pine Inn as "a home away from home" will be maintained.

• • •

Robert G. Leidig and wife left on Saturday evening for a ten day's stay in San Francisco. Oh no! They will not go near the exposition.

• • •

Miss Fannie Hurst, the well known magazine writer of New York, has gone to San Diego, but expects to return to Carmel, later.

• • •

The M. J. Murphy family is visiting the big exposition.

• • •

Mrs. Mary B. Austin, from New Mexico, is guest of **Mrs.** L. U. Brake.

CARMEL AUTO SERVICE SOLD

The Carmel Auto Service—known at one time as Carl's—has changed hands. Charles M. Childers, formerly of San Francisco, has purchased it and will carry on the business much as it has been conducted. The same mechanics who have been there for years will be retained and the principal change Mr. Childers contemplates is one of sprucing up and general improvement of the plant, at Sixth and Mission streets.

France is now being served a la carte with Nazi fried potatoes.

From China . . .

- Jewelry
- Garments
- Stoneware
- Art Linens
- Porcelainware
- Old Embroidery
- Brass, Cloisonne
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- Handwork Underwear
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$2.00 and $3.00
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DAVID PRINCE
Managing Owner
Formerly of Hotel La Playa

Pine Needles

Sis Reamer, whom many of us remember as a bang-up good first baseman in the Abalone League, has been in town for a few days, visiting her mother. Of course she isn't "Sis" anywhere but here, being Sara Reamer Chance, valued member of the Farm Security Administration. But if her batting average in surplus commodity control is half what it was on the softball diamond she ranks at the top of the list.

* * *

It is difficult to keep up with the manifold activities of John O'Shea. He recently declined to serve as president of the Art Association for another term. He has an exhibition at the Del Monte Art Gallery, where Burton Boundey is also showing. And on Wednesday he served on the jury of awards at the Art Exhibit of the State Fair. Mrs. O'Shea accompanied him to Sacramento and it was their plan to spend a few days in the city after the jurying was done.

* * *

Jessie Joan Brown left Wednesday morning to join her sister Ellen for a week's visit in San Mateo and Burlingame and to see the sights of San Francisco. They will be back next Tuesday so that Jessie Joan can go into rehearsal for her part in "Merrily We Roll Along," Edward Kuster's coming production.

* * *

Cornelia Mulvin drove down to Los Angeles last Wednesday with Jean Pillsbury. She will return with Mrs. Harold Zellerbach, who has been down there for a couple of weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Rolinda Low. Mrs. Zellerbach, by the way, became a grandmother while she was in the southland.

Miss Amanda Bartlein of Santa Ana, who has been a consistent annual visitor, is again in Carmel visiting friends.

* * *

Ray and Phoebe Force left last Monday for two weeks in New Mexico. While there they will visit Phoebe's grnadmother and take in a fiesta or siesta or something.

* * *

Al and Vi Sparks were so thoroughly pleased with the summer sunshine down at Big Sur during their recent vacation that they ducked back there over the week-end.

* * *

Anita Loos dropped into the Fraser Looms last Monday to buy presents for Elsa Maxwell and others. Along with Anita was Mary Louise Loos, who is going to model one of Bernice's knitted ski caps in New York this winter.

* * *

Alice Laidlaw Bosworth Williams has cut a tooth, which is doing pretty well at her age, if you ask us. She is four months old. Sounds like you'll have to get up early in the morning to keep ahead of that young lady. Laidlaw and Abby Lou do.

* * *

Don and Ethel Staniford and their two youngsters have returned to town after Seeing The Great West. They went to Tahoe, Reno, Virginia City, Carson City, then over Tioga Pass to Yosemite. After that San Francisco beckoned. And it was all fun and good adventure. "But after all, there's no place like Carmel," says Doc.

* * *

Hildreth and Ricky Masten are tenting tonight in the High Sierras. They left on Sunday for Yosemite, and on Monday they set out from there on a circle tour on horseback. One of those six-day affairs. Meanwhile their fond husband and father puts Pine Cones together and dreams of the Great Outdoors.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oden went to Los Angeles last week with Mrs. Oden's daughter, Barbara Moore. Barbara took the plane from there to New York, where she is attending finishing school. The Odens returned to their valley hilltop early this week—and were presented with 11 puppies by their pointer, Slipper.

* * *

The Sphinx Club is going in for cultivation of courtesy. It has announced a Courtesy Contest, with a prize of $5.00 for the most courteous boy in town. All boys between the ages of 10 and 18 in Carmel are in this contest, whether they know it or not.

The contest will open on Sept. 6 and close on Dec. 20, and the Pine Cone will try to have the rules for you next week. Eight judges will be chosen and their identity will be known only to Bob Ralph, president of the club, and Joe Perry and Fred Bechdolt, its sponsors. So acts of courtesy around town will be noted unbeknownst, and someone will find that virtue isn't necessarily its own only reward.

"The Frank Lloyds have returned from their vacation and are now in their home on San Carlos." It happens that they didn't go away, but so many people have assumed that since they were vacationing they must have gone at least as far as Palm Beach that they have decided to announce their return regardless. The fact is that they decided to act upon the widely accepted theory that if you want a rest the one thing not to do is go away for it, a theory which is subscribed to by almost all returning vacationists. Anyhow their friends may find them at home.

* * *

Homer Levinson has come home from the Peninsula Community hospital, where he was confined for a month following a serious accident in the surf. He was brought home in the Red Cross ambulance, which handled the difficult task of transporting him in excellent fashion.

It will be some time before Homer is about again, and his parents have rearranged their house in order to take care of him as comfortably as possible. He is able to see his friends.

* * *

The Bali Room at Del Monte will be a festive place on Sunday evening and on Monday evening, at two special dinner dances. The Labor Day holiday provides the incentive for the affairs, and at the same time the resort is playing host to a large number of golfers and socialites from all over the state, who are taking in the activities of the two golf tournaments, the Del Monte Women's annual tournament, Sept. 4 to 8, and the men's California State Amateur Championships, Sept. 2 to 8.

Especial attraction at the dinner dances is the dance team of Renee and Pierre, who will be featured in the Bali Room during the entire coming week.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Stuyvesant Fish will be hosts at an informal party on Friday, Aug. 30, which will honor the Vanderbilts. The Harry C. Hunts of Pebble Beach will entertain the visitors at dinner on Sunday evening; and Mr. and Mrs. Christopher A. Buckley Jr., of Pebble Beach, are planning a welcoming party for the Vanderbilts this evening.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse of Pebble Beach will be hosts at a luncheon on Sunday which will compliment the Vanderbilts and Miss Warburton, and Miss Mary Morse is entertaining on Saturday evening in honor of Miss Warburton. Miss Morse recently returned from Burlingame where she was the house guest of Miss Barbara Blyth.

* * *

A delightful luncheon and bridge afternoon was held at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club yesterday in honor of Miss Evelyn McMahon, who is to be married within the month to Dr. Holl of San Francisco. Some 20 places were set. Sponsors of the event were Jenny Abernethy and Wanda Crowley.

* * *

Hollywood figures now stopping at the Lodge include a group of movie directors: Ricardo Cortez, Victor Saville, Lewis Milestone and Anatole Litvak.

* * *

Always a favorite spot for honeymooners is Hotel Del Monte and Del Monte Lodge. This week the Lodge was chosen by two young San Franciscans, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Gould (Cubby) Schurman, whose wedding last week was of social importance in the bay region. The bride is the former Juanita Hill.

Del Monte is the headquarters this week for a number of celebrities. Registered at the picturesque Del Monte Lodge are the Brian Ahernes (she is Joan Fontaine) of Beverly Hills, who have the distinction of being one of the few married couples in Hollywood who seem to combine successfully their film and marriage careers.

Del Monte Lodge is one of the favorite hideaways of Brian Aherne and Joan Fontaine, who were married less than a year ago in the Del Monte Chapel. Miss Fontaine, the star of "Rebecca" was at the Lodge during the shooting of the latter film, which included numerous photographs of the Seventeen-Mile Drive and scenic points along the Pebble Beach coastline.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Vanderbilt's attractive young daughter, Miss Rosemary Warburton, of New York, flew to Del Monte on Thursday and will occupy a hotel cottage there. Their stay promises to be an especially gay one, for the prominent New York visitors will be widely feted by members of the resort colony.

Among the many smart affairs which will honor the visitors is the party to be given on Saturday evening by Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps, daughter of Vanderbilts, who makes her home in the Carmel Valley.

* * *

Hal and Nancy Bragg were in town for two days this week. Young Nancy, however, didn't feel like deserting her foreman's job on their ranch near Templeton, so Carmel was denied the pleasure of seeing her again.

* * *

Betty Carr and Pat Coblenz and Ann Turner, who is Pat's house guest, adventured off to Yosemite last Thursday and returned on Sunday.

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Pine Needles

Guests of the John E. Abernethys over last week-end were Mr. and Mrs. George Nolan and Mr. and Mrs. William Daugherty of Los Angeles.

• • •

Paul Taylor is to leave on Sunday for Visalia, where he will live for the coming year. He is to teach music in the Tulare county schools.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hill have returned from San Francisco, where they spent a week seeing the sights.

• • •

Among the recent guests at Robles del Rio Lodge were Miss Eilleen Karri-Davies and Walter Karri-Davies, formerly of London, now living in Beverly Hills; Edwin S. Webster Jr., of New York City; Mr. and Mrs. James G. Parker of Paris and Washington, D. C., Mrs. Bobbie Bennett, secretary of the Flintridge Country Club of Pasadena ,and C. G. Jennings of Washington, D. C.

• • •

The Musical Arts Club will hold its first meeting of the season on Monday evening, Sept. 9, at 8 o'clock, at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club. The session will be devoted to American music. Marjorie Warren will give a discussion of Amreican composers and American music. John Burr will sing a group of American songs. Anna Grant Dall will play a group of Hal Garrott's piano compositions which have not been played in concert here.

This is to be a guest meeting, and those interested in the work of the Musical Arts Club may secure their guest cards by writing for them to the club at Box 405, Monterey.

David Marrs, the president, has announced that this year the regular meeting will be held in the Copper Cup Room at Del Monte, and will present out-of-town as well as local artists. Use of these larger quarters makes it possible to take in more members, and music lovers who may be interested in joining should send in their names and addresses.

• • •

Wednesday was Marjorie Warren's 21st birthday, or something, and the occasion was fittingly honored by Robert Emmett O'Brien, with a party at his home in Hatton Fields. Among the guests were Paul and Mary Louise Danilewski, Janie Otto, Tilly Polak, John and Mary Burr, Pat Files, Zenas Potter and Charley and Cecily Sayers.

• • •

There's an informal dance in the Playroom up at Robles del Rio tomorrow night. Allen Knight's orchestra is playing.

Jack and Jenny Abernethy took advantage of the bank holiday last Tuesday to run up to San Jose for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Faser. Mrs. Faser is Jenny's sister.

NOT THAT IT MATTERS

By ELEANOR MINTON JAMES

Much pounding of hammers, screeching of saws, cement mixer racket. That's Carmel right now. Result—many nails, many punctures, but in a good civic cause—lots of new houses.

And what was that raucous barking? Not dogs, seals out Pebble Beach way—the seals on Bird Rock (the birds are on Seal Rock). She simply must see the seals. She had never heard one, never seen one. Yet this was the author of the northwest, Barrett Wilhoughby, who had poured herself into a seal article for Saturday Evening Post several years ago so you would have sworn she had lived in the same house with them for years . . . So Armine von Tempski took her to see the seals.

If you ever try photographing a baby seal down in his own private tank on his slipper slimy gangplank and he happens to have an otter for a tank mate, be sure to go with your pockets all stuffed with fish—for the otter. I wish I had. The otter—friendliest little thing imaginable and the wettest—went all through my pockets, poked his nose up under my suit coat, tickled me in the ribs, climbed on my lap and over my shoulder. It's a wonder that I got any picture at all of that tiny little green leopard seal.

Paddle tennis seems here to stay.

Anyway it's liked at Del Monte by those initiated ones who have known for some time that it's not badminton, ping pong or tennis, but a combination of these . . . The rythmic swimming-to-music at the Roman plunge is in the mood of Aquacade water sporting.

Before she left Carmel we counted her sweaters. She had knit them all—30. And she was starting the 31st for herself again, not the Red Cross.

There is a Persian kitty in the Highlands that has a way with locks and latches — the Spanish, metal variety. He can open every door in every room. And spends his nights this way, swinging agilely via the door handle from one room to another. Disconcerting to visitors not previously advised of his nocturnal visits to exhibit on just any bed some half-chawed mouse. And he is only three-legged at that.

Watching the children on the Carmel beach. She watched them all right, every minute. From the bluff. All afternoon. To see they didn't go in the heavy surf. When they suddenly appeared at her elbow all dripping wet, she knew. She had been watching someone else's kids—all afternoon.

Canine sense has an odd trick of seeming to function in reverse. The way a dog talks with his ears and listens with his eyes.

The significant thing about people is not what they say. It's what what-they-say says about them.

California countryside just now. Miles of prune orchards purple with flats of plums drying, beans conscientiously pyramiding leaf green up the little canes in their miniature forest of sticks, berry vines in full fragrant fruitage. Wayside gardens—some ablaze with flaming salvia splendens (it's the first botanical name I ever learned so I always drag it in when I can) their fire ringed with the stinging blue of lobelia. Other yards are banked with perlargoniums—Martha Washington geraniums. The acid in geranium leaves — one of the fornic series — is pelargonic acid. Thus the name . . . and so many varieties—Empress of Russia, Grosmamma Fischer, Azalea, Fais Triumph, Gardener's Joy, Karmenkoenign, Uncle Richtor, Front Yard.

The townsman farmer hitched his Pacific Grove horses not to a star but to an old bed spring and plowed his little field. Very successfully, too.

Pulling out of Aden once I remember an Englishman pointing towards British and French Somaliland saying, "The French are better colonizers than the British. They know when to allow squeeze." It doesn't matter much there now, one way or the other . . . Aden expecting and getting air raids must be an oddly-speeded up desert town. A new note of hurry among the moth eaten dromedaries loping along drawing their water carts, the wild-looking African vendors selling ostrich feathers, the black-clad women in purdah, slinking along low walls of the square stone houses, the proud, haugty Hindus with yellow, white, purple and black robes slung arrongantly over their shoulders, carrying canes, the Arabian peddlers in striped garments selling striped Arabian basketry, striped scarves and amber who won't take your La La—no, no in Arabian. Aden, a god-forsaken mountain of rock—a town carved out of stone. No grass, no weeds, no vegetation. Rains only a few minutes once a year, in January. Yet resident British military men adore Aden. "But what do you do?" I asked. "Do? Why we enjoy ourselves. Drink and enjoy ourselves." He might answer differently today.

Yesterday's map of Europe is not worth the paper it is printed on.

Cop Radios Upstairs for Help

(Continued from page 1)

quarters.

"Calling Car 1" went out over the air waves as Chief Fraties put the alarm on the police radio. "Investigate an auto accident on Dolores street between Ocean and eventh."

"Officer Hay, Car No. 1—will investigate,' 'came the message back to the Chief.

Three minutes later Officer Hay, arriving in front of police headquarters, found Officer Leslie Overhulse sitting in his new cream color 1940 Chevrolet. "Where's the accident?" he asked.

"The lady in the Packard parked just behind me," explained Overhulse, "just scratched my rear left fender as she was trying to drive away from the curb. You'll have to make a report—I can't because it's my car!"

Officer Stoney Hay got out his magnifying glass and on the rear left fender found, after much study, the tiniest of tiny scratches.

"Lady, did you smash into this car?' 'he gently asked.

"I'm afraid I did," replied Mrs. N. S. Foster of 645 S. 16th street, San Jose, who was seated in the Packard. "I'm very sorry. I'll be glad to pay for all the damage I've done!"

"Oh! That's all right," announced Overhulse. "You see we have to have a report on all accidents, especially when I'm parked in the police zone right in front of headquarters. I could have run upstairs and made my report, but we do everything by radio. I told the Chief I was parked right down here at the foot of the stairs leading up to his office when I reported."

Then Overhulse whipped out a large silk handkerchief from his pocket, gently dusted off his rear left fender, smiled at the driver of the Packard; and volunteered: "Everything is all right. Just forget it!"

"Officer, I can never forget such police efficiency," said the woman in the Packard ,as Officer Hay went up the one flight of stairs to make out his report.

LOCAL FLIER MAKES SPEED

Tom Mathews this week made the Baby Bendix air race course from San Francisco to Reno in one hour and 40 minutes.

The artistry required to Clean and Press a delicate evening gown is an art greatly to be appreciated.

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to continue his present policy in national affairs which resulted in such an overwhelming vote of confidence in last Tuesday's election.

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So Help Me! I Never Saw Anything Like It Before!

(Continued from page 1

the furniture which was supposed to give the effect of a little girl's bedroom. I know it must be hard to get decent furniture if you live on a sugar plantation ,but these Madisons (name of little girl's family) just hadn't even tried. The little girl's bed was a box spring and mattress draped with two swell red Navajo blankets. Her good-sized mirror was perched against the wall on a three-legged stool which threatened to collapse and jinx the whole family for seven long years. In center stage was one of those fan-backed Hawaiian throne effects, made in the Philippines, with something in front that looked like a bundle of rags draped with—a piece of Hawaiian cloth, I guess; it had done good service in some capacity. Off stage right was a wicker chair, and a desk with a drawer which stuck and caused little Lala (that was the little girl's name) to develop a fine set of of biceps every time she opened it.

A rainbow descended from a high place in the wings and concealed a flight of stairs which came down from what was supposed to be a fleecy cloud (which did not conceal Adaline Guth). Over back stage was hung a big golden moon which fell off in the first few moments of the first act with a loud bang. It was rehung again later but after its second coming to earth was thought to be an unnecessary prop and totally disregarded (which is no way to treat a moon, especially a full one). The background of Lala's bedroom was screened by a long fish net.

Well, we were taking in all this beauty, when in tripped little Lala (Mary Jean Elliott) in her nightie. No glamour about the nightie; it was one of those square yoked things, down to the heels fullness and tight about the neck and wrists. With her was Pualani who looked just swell in a long Hawaiian effect which seemed to be something between an evening dress with a deep frill and train and a sarong. This gal was Frances Forster.

The idea seemed to be that Lala was to go to bed, but that was entirely up to your imagination, because what they both said was lost in the whispering breezes that played about the Forest Theater in the pine trees. However, there was an audible bit of chatter on the subject of freckles until Pualani completely forgot her lines and was happily rescued by John Burr. Then there was more chatter about how little elves called Menehunes planted kisses on those they loved and these latter were vulgarly called freckles which upset the mischievous little lovers no end.

Then Lala remembered that her kittens had freckles on their noses and rushed over to get one out of a basket. But those kittens had been put in that basket to stay and the poor little gal undid and pulled and undid and pulled and still the cover wouldn't come undone. Pualani gracefully glided over to help and after a good five minutes of tugging on the part of both, a hole was made large enough to drag out the two cats by a leg or a head (of course, by this time the audience was in fine fettle).

And then, with cats out, there was much loving and hugging and fuss business, and a story about Menehunes of Hawaii and much talk about Mama who was giving birth to a second little Madison (male).

And so to bed—with some pretty prayers by Lala.

But the bed wasn't properly made, and when Lala tried to get in with her slippers on and had to pull out her feet and take the slippers off, there was a dainty little struggle. And the pillow didn't have any pillow-case (I told you these Madisons weren't particular).

Of course, after Lala was in bed —with a sparkling necklace (which I forgot to tell you she had found that day and dragged out of the ornery desk drawer to show Pualani) the fun was supposed to commence. This necklace was tied to one of her curls with a piece of string, and the naughty little Eepas, the wicked Hawaiian elves, came running down the rainbow to find it and were scared away by a super-Menehune named Koko (Bernardo Torres).

This was a big scene, because Lala woke up—in time to see Koko struggling under the fish net trying to come to her rescue, and the Eepas squealed like all get-out, and there was a lot of confusion, and meanwhile the fog began to roll over the audience, but everyone wanted to hear how Lala persuaded Koko to take her to Menehune Land — and the curtains closed, and John Burr bobbed out of the prompter's box and strode offstage with his engaging smile.

Act Two was a lot better because the set wasn't cluttered up with the Madison's furniture—it was an Hawaiian forest and really quite lovely, and the children were dressed in pretty costumes with lots of leis ,and they sang in groups, and one group did a hula dance. And Lala got her hair pulled and lost the magic necklace and was grand about it all, and Hanahana, the baby Menehune, played by Ronny Doolittle, capered and grinned and knew all his lines and was a perfect riot, and wonderfully-toned was John Burr's voice from the prompter's box.

Act Three—back in the bedroom with the Madison furniture, and this time we found Lala and Lualani decorating a basket with leis for the new Madison (male). And after Lala had been finally fussed into bed and had gone promptly asleep, Mama (Barbara Crampton) rushed in with the new baby (prop) and slung him in beside Lala, who woke up and exclaimed, "Oh, I've got a baby Menehune!" and then Mama produced a fairy costume for Lala, and Lala got up in a hurry and dived back of a screen to take her nightie off, and then everybody chucked the baby around until the audience was convulsed.

Mama finally thought the baby'd had enough and dropped him in the basket and then she wanted to do something with the cardboard box the fairy costume had come in, so she dropped that on top of the baby, and exited.

And then Koko came down the rainbow, and the necklace was restored because Lala's tears had made a new one—or something like that—and baby brother blew on it and the Menehunes were saved and the Eepas killed dead, but resurrected every few seconds to be sure they weren't missing anything. And Lala looked so pretty in her fairy costume, but she didn't have her wings, so Koko went offstage and got her some, and Lala and the baby got new shadows of blue paper, though I missed that point.

In fact, I missed a lot of points in the play and got balled up on others, and I confess I don't know why this or that happened exactly, and this is a nutty sort of review, but I did enjoy myself, and here's the story how.—G. W.

Pascal, great mathematician and philosopher, inventor of roulette, once wrote to a friend: "Excuse the length of this letter. I had no time to write a short one."

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Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald

"The New Moon" Coming to Carmel Sunday

When Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald get together in a motion picture there's bound to be music. And in "New Moon", which comes to the Carmel Theater on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, there is music.

There's also adventure and romance, and a bit of comedy. There are pirates and battles, and landings on an island. That sort of thing! There's a bit of New Orleans, a long, long time ago. There is, in short, a lot.

In the supporting cast are Mary Boland, George Zucco, H. H. Warner, Grant Mitchell, Stanley Fields, Richard Purcell, John Miljean, Ivan Simpson, William Tannen, Bunty Cutler, Claude King, Cecil Cunningham, Joe Yule, George Irving, Edwin Maxwell, Paul E. Burns, Rafael Storm and Winifred Harris .

The film was directed by Robert Z. Leonard, who may be remembered for his accomplishments in "Maytime," "The Great Ziegfeld" and "The Girl of the Golden West."

Severns' to Have Sign Design Contest

Severns' don't like the sign at their new shop.

And they say they don't blame other people for not liking it either.

So they've decided to do something about it.

And what they've decided to do is to offer a $21.95 Motorola portable radio as prize to the person submitting the best design for another sign, to replace this one, using the same words.

The idea is to have the council select judges from the Art Association. And the judges will pass on the sign.

And after that if anyone doesn't like Severns' sign he may blame the Art Association or the Council: But not Severns.

If you read it in The Pine Cone, you may safely repeat it.

Beverly Dew Giallo Deserves Attention

One of the strange things that happened in the children's play last Sunday was the fact that the lass who sold more tickets than anyone else in the cast was completely left out of the program. Beverly Jean Dew Giallo deserves four stars, and we award them to her, even though the approbation may be a trifle late.

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State Assemblyman Fred Weybret
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alike for their endorsement of his economy efforts in the State Legislature as demonstrated by their overwhelming vote in last Tuesday's election.

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LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT

In the Superior Court of the State of California, In and For the County of Monterey

No. 20220
SUMMONS

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Monterey, and the Complaint filed in the Office of the County Clerk of said County of Monterey.

SILAS W. MACK,
Monterey, California,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

JEANNETTE H. PARKES, Plaintiff, vs. GLADYS M. EDLER, JAMES D. VAN BIBBER, WILLIAM KERMODE, MAURICE JAMES O'BRIEN, also known as Maurice J. O'Brien, THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, a Municipal Corporation, and also all other persons unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien, or interest in or on the real property described in the Complaint adverse to plaintiff's ownership or any cloud on plaintiff's title thereto, Defendants.

The People of the State of California to:

GLADYS M. EDLER, JAMES D. VAN BIBBER, WILLIAM KERMODE, MAURICE JAMES O'BRIEN, also known as Maurice J. O'Brien, THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, a Municipal Corporation, and also all other persons unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien, or interest in or on the real property described in the Complaint adverse to plaintiff's ownership or any cloud on plaintiff's title thereto, Defendants:

You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Monterey, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and Seal of the Superior Court of the County of Monterey, State of California, this 10th day of June, A. D. 1940.
SILAS W. MACK,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
C. F. JOY, Clerk.
By N. WRIGHT,
(SEAL) Deputy Clerk.
Date of 1st pub: July 19, 1940.
Date of last pub: Sept. 13, 1940.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, In and For the County of Alameda

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY B. McFARLAND, Deceased.

No. 73834
Dept. 4

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY AT PRIVATE SALE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned executors of the last will of the above named deceased, that on or after August 30th, 1940, they will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in lawful money of the United States, subject to confirmation by the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda, all the right, title, interest and estate of the above named decedent, at the time of her death, and all the right, title, and interest that the estate of the said decedent by operation of law or otherwise has acquired other than or in addition to that of the said decedent at the time of her death in all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City of Carmel, County of Monterey, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows:

All those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City of Carmel, County of Monterey, State of California and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Lots Number 7, 9 and 11 in Block "CC" as said lots and block are laid down and so designated on that certain map entitled,

"Map of Addition Number One to Carmel-By-The-Sea, Monterey County, Cal." filed for record November 6, 1905 in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Monterey, State of California, in Volume 1 of Maps, "Cities and Towns", at page 45½ therein.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash in lawful money of the United States, or part cash and the balance secured by a deed of trust upon such terms as shall be acceptable to the undersigned and confirmed by the Court; then percent of the purchase price to accompany the bid and the balance to be paid, or paid and secured, upon confirmation of sale.

All bids or offers must be in writing and may be left at the office of Clark, Nichols and Eltse, Attorneys-at-Law, Suite 610, American Trust Company Building, Berkeley, California, or delivered to said executors personally at any time after the first publication of this notice and before sale.

DATED: August 14th, 1940.
GEORGE CLARK
ELGIN HITTELL,
Executors of the will of the above named decedent.
CLARK, NICHOLS & ELTSE
610 American Trust Co. Bldg.,
Berkeley, California
Attorneys for the Executors.
Date of 1st pub., Aug. 16, 1940
Date of last pub: Aug. 30, 1940.

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL TRANSACTING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

I, the undersigned, being the sole owner of the hereinafter named business do hereby certify that I am transacting business on the west side of Dolores street, between Ocean Avenue and 7th Avenue, City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, Monterey County, State of California, under a designation not showing the name of the person interested in such business, to-wit: CARMEL HARDWARE.

My place of residence is on Mission street between 4th and 5th Avenues, Carmel-by-the-Sea, California.

Dated: August 16th, 1940.
WILLIAM A. BURKE.
STATE OF CALIFORNIA
COUNTY OF MONTEREY—ss.

On the 16th day of August, 1940, before me, George P. Ross, Judge of the City Court of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, Monterey County, State of California, personally appeared William A. Burke, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the foregoing instrument and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

WITNESS my hand and seal at my office in said Carmel-by-the-Sea, California, this 16th day of August, 1940.
(SEAL) GEORGE P. ROSS,
Judge of the City Court of Carmel-by-the-Sea, Monterey County, State of California.
Date of 1st pub: Aug. 23, 1940
Date of last pub: Sept. 13, 1940.

Otto Bardarson's Father Dies in Seattle

School Superintendent Otto W. Bardarson was called to Seattle this week by the death there, on Tuesday, of his father, Dr. Sigurd Bardarson.

Dr. Bardarson, who was 89, was born in Iceland. He came from there to Winnipeg, Canada, when 30 years old, and in 1906 moved from Winnipeg to Seattle.

He had one of the finest private collections of Norse sagas on this continent, and was recognized for his profound knowledge in that field. He was well known in the communities where he lived through his practice of medicine, which covered a period of 50 years.

Funeral services are to be held in Blaine, Wash., today. Dr. Bardarson is survived by seven children.

Under the Gaslight Repeats This Week-end

Crowded houses all last week-end indicate a still growing audience for "Under the Gaslight" as played by the Troupers of the Gold Coast in California's First Theater, Monterey. hTe old melodrama with its riotous olio is running again this week-end ,opening tonight and continuing through Monday.

Ronald Telfer, director, will be back from San Francisco, in time for tonight's curtain. Rumor has it that he will bring with him script for the next production, which the Denny-Watrous Management has persuaded him to direct.

Reservations for "Under the Gaslight" have been coming in from San Jose, Oakland, and other outside points, to which earlier visitors on our Peninsula have carried word of the fun and entertainment in the railroad rescue scene, the abduction of Laura and the substitution of the beggar's child, or the merrily rolling olio.

If you read it in The Pine Cone, you may safely repeat it.

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Rates: 10c per line for one insertion (minimum 50c); 15c per line for two insertions (minimum 75c); 25c per line for one month (minimum $1.25); 8c per line for one insertion on contract (no minimum). Estimate five words to the line.

For Rent

FOR RENT—Office space Dolores, inquire Pine Cone office. (28)

FOR RENT — Attractive outside room. Good neighborhood. Near village. No transients. Tel. 967. (35)

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FOR RENT — In Carmel Highlands; a log cabin home, 4 furnished rooms, newly-decorated, charming, quiet; garden, garage, ocean view. Rent reasonable to the right tenants. Tel. 612-J. (35)

APARTMENTS FOR RENT—The Monte Verde Apartments have all been completely renovated and are ready for occupancy. Their rent is reasonable and their location convenient. Phone 71 or call at Monte Verde Apts., on Monte Verde St. Owner, Percy Parkes.

Lost and Found

LOST—In Carmel on Wednesday —A man's gold wrist watch, initials "E.S.F." Reward. Phone 563-W. (35)

LOST — Black-rimmed glasses in Carmel theater or on Ocean avenue, Sunday, Aug. 24. Reward. R. F. D. Box 71, Carmel. (35)

FOUND—A half-grown male Maltese kitten. Owner may have same. Telephone Carmel 1065. (35)

Wanted to Rent

COTTAGE WANTED for one year, beginning Sept. 1st. Low rent. Will fix up or paint up. Answer Box S, Carmel Pine Cone. (35)

WANTED TO RENT—Grand piano, perfect condition. Will pay cartage and reasonable rent. Phone Carmel 1138. (35)

Real Estate

RENTALS — 1, 2 and 3 bedroom homes in all sections of Carmel furnished and unfurnished — monthly or on lease — appointments gladly made. — Call to see MRS. WIEMANN, Mgr., Rental Dept., CARMEL REALTY CO., Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. Phone 66. (35)

FOR SALE—Sturdy Redwood Cottage at $3250 or best cash offer. 2 blocks from beach. Garage, patio and nice garden. House needs some paint but otherwise sound. Some furniture. Phone 194, Carmel. (34)

A BETTER VALUE HOME ,associated with good neighbors too, is open for your inspection from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. on the **Northwest Corner of Dolores and 13th Ave.** 3 bedrooms, etc. Price now $ lower. Also two other surprise homes of unusual charm will be shown. Exclusively by JOHN H. BENSON, licensed Realty Broker. Phone 449 evenings. (34)

FOR SALE—Log house, San Juan Road, Carmel Woods: 2 bedrooms. Eligible for $4400 FHA loan. Also under construction on Randol Way, north of Ocean, Hatton Fields, a stone veneer, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. CARL BENSBERG, Phone 1543. (32)

GLADYS KINGSLAND DIXON
Licensed Real Estate Broker
Ocean Ave., near Dolores
Tel. Carmel 940
CHOICEST LISTINGS of Carmel, Pebble Beach and Carmel Valley properties, for rent or for sale. (tf)

Miscellaneous

MAN—strong, honest, sober, wants job as contractor's or carpenter's helper. Write Box D, Carmel Pine Cone. (35)

FOR SALE—A few hundred ancient split redwood pickets, rails to match. Over 50 years old, moss covered and still in good condition. Address P. O. Box 368, Watsonville. (33)

MRS. IDA HANKE—**Vienna Graduate**) European Massage. Telephone for appointments. Carmel 832, Dolores St., bet. 7th & 8th. (20-24)

ATTENTION CALIFORNIA VETERANS:—FOR SALE, a Veteran-loan home, stucco and plastered, 6 rooms, lovely garden, in one of the nicest residential centers of Monterey. Phone 8345 before 9 a. m. or after 6 p. m. (35)

VENETIAN BLINDS — Unpainted Furniture, Picture Framing, Repairing Furniture. Drop in to see the many interesting, inexpensive, usable pieces of furniture. Have fun painting them.
CARMEL FURNITURE HOUSE
Dolores between 7th and 8th Sts.

Personals

FULLER BRUSHES now at lowest prices, beyond all comparison. For service, phone Monterey 7320 or write 582 Fillmore St., Monterey. M. L. MOSS, Dealer. (34-37)

MYRTLE R. STODDARD
Alterations carefully done. Also agent for C. & D. Lingerie and Hose. "Orchard Lawn" Cotton and Silk Jersey Dresses and Sportswear. Slacks and Shorts. Tel. 179-J; or 1522—at Carmel Music Shop, Monte Verde.

The only reason the "Nasties" have not gone in the tight little isle is that they do not like the reception committee.

Real Estate

OPEN FOR INSPECTION — In Carmel Woods on Portola Road —9 brand new 3-bedroom home —has very large livingroom, sunroom, kitchen, 2 baths, and 2-car garage. Attractive, well arranged, sunny—fine spot for a large patio. Approx. $56 per month on the FHA plan will pay for this home after cash down payment. This home will rent for over $100 per month on lease, so is an excellent rental income property as well as a real home. CARMEL REALTY CO., Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean avenue, or SEE OUR REPRESENTATIVE ON PROPERTY. (35)

A FINE INVESTMENT — 9 40 ft. lots, 2 of them corners—with a large 4-bedroom home and 2-car garage, in fine condition, ready to occupy. Home is a good home or would make excellent army rental income property—7 lots could be sold off or built on. Located right at the Pebble Beach gate on N. San Antonio running thru to Carmelo. The land alone is worth practically the asking price, so that the house, garage and furniture costs hardly anything. Exclusive with CARMEL REALTY CO., Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. Phone 66. (35)

MISSION TRACT LOTS — Finest home sites at the lowest prices—60x100 ft. with 60 ft. streets—all utilities with wires underground—sewers—ideal location for home or rental income property close to beach, convenient to town—an area of all new attractive homes. $1550 for these 60 ft. lots is cheap by comparison. Low monthly terms arranged to suit your convenience. FHA Loans available. See these lots before buying. CARMEL REALTY CO., Ocean Avenue or SEE ANY CARMEL BROKER. (35)

Invest $600 Now!

In a Large Lot

CARMEL WOODS

60 ft., 65 ft., 70 ft. Frontages

All Utilities Including Sewers

FHA Loans Easily Secured

Monthly Terms as low as $10

Never Again Will These Large Lots Be So Low in Price!

See
Any Carmel Broker

"Can't Arrest Me" Insisted Woman BUT, Cop Did

(Continued from page 1)

San Carlos street."

Mary Helen deL'Etanche of Santa Cruz accepted the traffic ticket and drove off. This was on Aug. 15 last. Since then Police Judge George P. Ross has had two telephone calls and a letter from Santa Cruz, and on the last phone call, he suggested Miss deL'Etanche write a letter of apology to the arresting officer and he'd decide just what to do about it.

Judge Ross made one more suggestion: "You better make it a GOOD letter!"

Yesterday afternoon Police Officer Hay received the letter. Today, Judge Ross will look it over and decide what to do.

"I did make a mistake," wrote the woman. "I found that you could and did arrest me. I'm ashamed of myself and think we should have more polite police officers around the country like you are.

"You are a gentleman, and I'm—"

Only Judge Ross and Policeman Hay will ever know how the letter ended.

Missing Sheets of Mrs. Sheets at Laundry

(Continued from page 1)

Mrs. Sheets telephoned Chief Fraties that the missing sheets had just been returned by the Carmel laundry. Mrs. Sheets had sent the sheets to the laundry to be cleaned.

"Case of Sheets closed", was the notation written on the general alarm referring to Mrs. Sheets' sheets.

FORT ORD HIGHWAY

Work on the new highway from the Monterey Peninsula to Marina and Fort Ord will start on Tuesday. It's a $100,000 job.

The Convenience

of quick pickups and prompt deliveries merely adds to the satisfaction our customers experience from having *careful* and *perfect work* done in a modern plant.

CARMEL CLEANERS

Dolores St. - Carmel

Phone 242

Mystery Shot Baffles Carmel Police

(Continued from page 1)

minutes before 11 o'clock last night!

Policeman Van Epp, who was on desk duty Wednesday night, remembered hearing a report that might have been a shot at 10:49 Wednesday evening. Nothing more!

Somebody told someone "they rushed the guy over to Salinas because the cops at Monterey would know him!"

Long distance phone calls from Carmel to Salinas.—To police headquarters.—To the Monterey county sheriff's headquarters!

No one had reported anything. They would investigate. They would canvass every doctor's office in the city and county!

Late yesterday afternoon, Police Officers Hay and Overhulse dashed out of headquarters headed for Salinas!

Additional information had reached them that the shooting might have occurred not far from San Carlos and Ninth streets.

Before starting for the county seat, however, police hinted "there was a certain gent in town they wanted to have a little talk with!" It was hinted "the gent," whom police have "talked things over with about a gun and a woman only recently," might be very anxious to "point the finger!"

No, the police had no idea where "the finger" might point, but they felt reasonably certain it would "start pointing" just as soon as they hailed "said gent" before Police Judge George P. Ross for "legal advice".

The state penal code provides that anyone withholding information relative to any felony is guilty of a felony. The penalty? Five years as the guest of the State of California.

Skeleton Dug Up at Highlands

Workmen excavating for a drain at the new Dr. Russell Williams home in Carmel Highlands dug a skeleton out of the decomposed granite.

But it's nothing to be excited about. It is a very old skeleton, crumbling with age, and had long since ceased to be of any use to anybody.

Except to the Pine Nut, our new roving reporter. He found in it inspiration for what he calls a lyric:

They think an Indian left it there—
This skeleton beyond repair.
So let there be no murder scare.
We'll get along without it.
Although he hadn't one to spare
They think an Indian left it there
So long ago he's ceased to care—
And then forgot about it.

ALICE DAVEY DIVORCED

Alice Hastings Davey, Carmel artist, was awarded an interlocutory decree of divorce from William Davey, Carmel writer, in superior court Wednesday.

Sunset School Cafeteria Menu Sept. 3 to 6

Monday—Labor Day.
Tuesday—Spaghetti and cheese, tomato bouilllon, fruit salad, carrots ,watermelon.
Wednesday—Hot dogs, spinach, vegetable soup, combination salad, ice cream.
Thursday — Scalloped potatoes, string beans, cream of spinach soup, carrot salad, jello.
Friday—Cream of pea soup, corn on the cob, cheese souffle, moulded grapefruit salad, ice cream.

Sunset School Opens Tuesday

(Continued from page 1)

have been registered ,and they have no way of telling whether this is the crest of the wave or merely an indication of what is yet to come.

There'll be seven grades this year, in place of last year's nine. For with the completion of the new high school the junior high features of Sunset school will be transferred up there.

Included in the instructing staff, however, will be several teachers who will divide their time between Sunset and the high school.

This year's faculty consists of Arthur C. Hull, principal; Mrs. Ann B. Uzzell, Mrs. Alice Graham Patrick, Miss Bernice C. Riley, Mrs. Bernita Ninneman, Mrs. Edna C. Lockwood, Mrs. Lilly C. Trowbridge, Miss Eleteth McQuilkin, all members of last year's staff, and Mrs. Sylvia Meeter Jordan, Miss Clarisse Poulain, Mrs. R. Jeanne Staffelback and Miss Estelle Billington, who are new this year.

The special teachers will be Miss Lucile Burtis, art; Miss Grace Knowles, vocal music; Harold Bartlett, instrumental music, and Mrs. Helen E. Poulsen, home making.

Bud Brownell Brings Home Another Trophy

(Continued from page 1)

in sight. The nearest competitor was ten strokes behind.

So Bud took his trophy and came home. He's doing that sort of thing all the time.

Incidentally, the tournament was the Trail Day affair. Less incidentally, Bud's record was five under par.

17TH INFANTRY STARTS ARRIVING

First contingent of the 17th Infantry arrived by truck at Fort Ord yesterday, including six officers and 100 men. Remainder of the outfit, which will be recruited to full strength of three battalions, is expected before October.

BILL HERON MARRIED

Bill Heron was married in Carson City last Monday. His bride was Miss Jean Glasscock.

SAN FRANCISCO HOTEL Stewart DOWN TOWN

On Geary St. Just above Powell—principal Stores and Theatres are within easy walking distance on the level

WITH PRIVATE BATH
SINGLE $3.00 and $3.50
DOUBLE $4.00, $4.50 & $5.00
Without Bath—Single $2.00; Double $3.00

EXCELLENT DINING ROOM AT MODERATE PRICES
Send for Folder—gives complete Tariff, describes points of interest
Chas. A. & Margaret Stewart, *Proprietors*

G. O. P. Ticket In Clean Sweep Over Peninsula

(Continued from page 1)

write-in campaign for the assembly some years ago. But a write-in campaign for the senate is a horse of another color and pencils for the whole state would run into money—so that one is probably out.

Another way of putting the election story would be to say that Republican parachutists had landed safely behind the Democratic lines and had taken over. But maybe there's too much suggestion of bullets instead of ballots in that one.

In Carmel 494 Republicans, 413 Democrats, five non-partisans, two Progressives and one Townsendite cast 606 votes for Tickle, 554 for Anderson, 550 for Weybret and 502 for Johnson. They voted for them as Republicans, Democrats, Progressives and anything else that they might. They threw the book at the regular Democratic candidates. They hit them with everything but the water bucket.

The only real contest was in the selection of members of the Republican County Committee, where an interesting situation developed. On Monday cards were sent out in the name of the Carmel Republican Club—but without the sanction or knowledge of the general club membership—urging support for a slate of candidates, with the apparent purpose of beating John Jordan.

This challenge was taken up on Tuesday by aroused voters who resented use of the club name in such a manner, and though the time was short they rallied to Mr. Jordan's support and by telephone and direct appeals defeated the maneuver, Mr. Jordan being selected along with A. B. Jacobsen, Jack Beaumont and Guy S. Curtis. On the Democratic side Dr. Horace Dormody, Charley Frost, John W. Alsop and Mrs. Ida Newberry were chosen.

And down in precinct 2 somebody wrote in the names of four leading Republicans for the Democratic county committee.

Oliver Bassett Shows Improvement

(Continued from page 1)

came over us when we first heard of his equestrian accident we have come to one of hope. And keeping in pretty close touch with Bill, we have watched the spark come back to him, too.

We can't spare this boy. Brilliant, full of life, good-natured, polite, kindly—he has seemed to have everything that would win people's hearts. That is why no matter what story of war or of politics may lead the papers today, the big news in Carmel is that Oliver Bassett is improving.

PACKING 'EM IN

They're expecting to handle 3000 men at the Monterey Presidio in the days of the coming draft. Monterey is still the center of the sardine packing industry.

'SKIPPER'S' CHILDREN'S CLUB

Hay Rides - Swimming Parties
Barbecues - Horseback Riding
For further particulars call
Miss Ackroyd
Girl Scout House - 6th & Lincoln
Telephone 1085-W or 653

THANKS!

To The Citizenry of the 8th District

I deeply appreciate the support given me at the polls and will continue to endeavor to serve all of the people of the district in Congress.

Congressman Jack Anderson

The Tuck Box
English Tea Room

Specializing in

BREAKFAST
Morning Coffee (Elevenses)
AFTERNOON TEA
To Order:
English Pies and Pastries

Dolores near Seventh
OPENING TUESDAY, SEPT. 3

$1.50 Student Lamp.....84c
$1.50 Lydia Pinkham Vegetable Compound..89c
OLD COLONY .....full pints 63c
3-year-old Bourbon
CLUB HOUSE .....full pint 69c
Distilled Gin, 80-proof

Economy Cut Rate Drugs
438 ALVARADO STREET MONTEREY

DENNY-WATROUS MANAGEMENT *presents* . . . .
THE TROUPERS OF THE GOLD COAST
"Under the Gaslight" With Olio
Directed by RONALD TELFER
First Theater, Monterey
Aug. 30-31 - Sept. 1-2—6, 7, 8, 9
Tickets $1.10, 55c, on Sale at—Staniford's Carmel
First Theatre, Palace Drug, Monterey